

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 90, Vol. 4.

July 18, 1857.

Price 5d.
Stamped 6d.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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INDIA.

HOW seldom people can be taught to estimate things at their real value, till they are on the point of losing them altogether! Six weeks ago, India was a bore. Indian grievances and Indian finance were considered the refuge of members of Parliament desperate for notoriety. If some man fresh from the East got up to state that the natives in Madras were tortured, or that the army in Bengal was disorganized, the President of the Board of Control, or the Chairman of the Board of Directors, was always ready with point-blank denials of unquestionable facts, confident in the indifference of a House of Commons which knew and cared to know nothing about the matter. The events of the last month have, however, changed all that. Public attention is at last thoroughly aroused to the question of Indian misgovernment, just at the moment when it has almost become a question whether there is any longer to be an India to govern. After the lesson we have had, we shall hardly be disposed to take for granted in future the assertions of Mr. VERNON SMITH or Mr. MANGLES, in favour of whom the most charitable, and at the same time most probable hypothesis which we can frame is, that they are wholly ignorant of the affairs which it is their business to understand.

Now that we begin to know a little about the origin of the mutiny, one thing becomes perfectly clear—that the evil is of ancient growth and long standing. Lord MELVILLE, in his very interesting and instructive speech, informs us that when he was in the Punjab, in 1849, the Bengal army was at that time in a disgracefully undisciplined and insubordinate condition. The Bengal Sepoys not only refused to work in the trenches at Moultan, but attacked the Bombay regiments, which were in an admirable state of discipline. Lord MELVILLE informs us that he addressed remonstrances to the Indian authorities on the unsatisfactory and dangerous condition of the army, and it was hardly necessary that he should tell us that he was rebuked for his interference. The Indian Government held on that occasion the language which the English Government seems disposed to adopt still:—"What you say may be all very true, but for God's sake do not mention it, lest people should be alarmed." The Indian Government has too long been playing the part of the ostrich; but we hope that public opinion is at last sufficiently aroused to make it impossible that the Ministry should join them in their game of hide-and-seek.

Properly considered, however, the fact that the mischief is not sudden, and ought not, with ordinary prudence, to have been unexpected, is the most reassuring feature of the case. If this outbreak had been really as mysterious and inexplicable as was at first pretended, we might well despair of providing for the future against dangers which it was impossible to predict. If an army, well trained, well organized, and apparently well affected, had, without warning and without reason, broken out into violent and sudden rebellion, we must have come to the conclusion that native troops could never again be trusted, and consequently, that India could no longer be governed by a European Power. If this had been a true account of the state of things, we might have acquitted the Indian Government of gross ignorance and culpable neglect; but then we should have

had no choice but to despair of our empire. Fortunately however, the more we learn of the history and causes of the mutiny, the more evident it becomes that all that has taken place is only the natural and inevitable result of a long course of impolitic mismanagement. Every General who has had anything to do with the Bengal Army, has repeatedly, but without success, warned the Indian Government of its dangerous condition and its faulty organization. Lord MELVILLE was rebuked for remonstrating about it, and Sir C. NAPIER was dismissed for endeavouring to reform it. Any one who will take the trouble to read the third and fourth volumes of his lately-published journals, will find that ten years ago he predicted, with a marvellous precision, the very events which have filled us with so much surprise and alarm. Nothing can be more certain than that, if Sir C. NAPIER had been allowed to work out his proposed reorganization of the Bengal Army, the mutiny of 1857 could never have occurred.

No man who knows anything of India gives the slightest credence to the story of the greased cartridges. If the thing were not sufficiently absurd on the face of it, it is abundantly disposed of by the fact that the very cartridges which the 19th Regiment refused to fire had been made up at the station of the Sepoys themselves, and used for months previously by the recruits at ball practice. This matter has been the signal, not the cause, of the rebellion. The mutiny which has broken out with such a fearful universality in Bengal is, beyond all question, the expression of a long and deep-seated feeling of discontent among a soldiery whose discipline and military spirit various causes have, of late years, very sensibly tended to relax. The first and foremost amongst the sources of the evil has been the enormous increase in the territorial extent of our Indian Empire, without any adequate or proportional addition to the forces by which our authority is sustained. State after state, and nation after nation have been added to our dominion; yet, partly from a false feeling of security, partly from a vicious economy, but chiefly from the necessities of a bankrupt exchequer, the precaution of increasing the amount of force at the disposal of the Government has been almost wholly neglected. Even the critical experiment of the annexation of Oude was made with culpable negligence, and the newly-acquired province has been tacked on to our Empire without any provision for a proper force to organize and control it. In this way has the Indian Government been proceeding in a reckless and improvident policy, like a man who, with an encumbered estate, goes on buying more land regardless of how he is to manage or to work it. We shall take a future occasion for discussing in detail the special effect which this inordinate extension of territory has had in demoralizing the discipline and alienating the loyalty of the army of Bengal. It will be found that it is, directly or indirectly, to this cause that the striking distinction between the spirit of the Bengal native regiments and the troops of Madras and Bombay may be mainly attributed.

The grievous errors of the past, while they give us warning, may also lend us hope for the future. Our prospects would be far more desperate if our recent policy had not been so glaringly faulty, and if the misfortunes which have befallen us were less obviously due to our own misconduct. With this conviction firmly fixed in our minds, it remains for us to re-establish, by a prompt and decisive effort, our shaken authority, and then to set to work to place our system on a sound foundation. Indian affairs can never again be allowed to sink into the insignificant position which they have habitually occupied in public opinion. A Government should place its best statesmen, instead of its weakest placemen, in a situation which requires a firm hand and a large mind to govern and coerce the narrow spirits and

the peddling politicians of Leadenhall-street. We are afraid that there is too much truth in the assertion of Lord ELLENBOROUGH, that "among all persons connected with India, there is a most thorough distrust of the right honourable gentleman now at the head of the Board of Control." What is wanted is a thorough and complete reform and re-organization of the Indian system of government, and we doubt whether the country will be disposed to look with confidence for the performance of such a work to Mr. VERNON SMITH.

Our first object of course must be to crush armed rebellion with an irresistible force. We fear that the long delay in the reduction of Delhi will have produced a state of things which its capture will very partially cure. How the mutineers have been allowed for a whole month to rally round them undisturbed, in the capital of the old Mogul empire, the whole rebellious spirit of India, is a circumstance which seems inexplicable, and which certainly has not been explained. We hope that the further prosecution of the business may not resemble the languor of its commencement. Meerut is the largest and most important military fort which we possess in that part of India, yet there was no artillery available for the march on Delhi, and the few regiments which were required for the occasion could not be moved up in less than four weeks. It is to be regretted that the Government should have seemed to require the strong and urgent pressure of public opinion, both in Parliament and in the press, in order to force upon them measures at all adequate to the emergency. Whether they were misled by the authorities in India, or lulled into security by the stereotyped indifferentism of the India House, is not quite clear. Certain it is, that until the arrival of the last telegraph the official cue was to pooh-pooh the whole affair. It is no small gain that the Government seem at last convinced of the reality of the danger and the necessity of action. Of our ultimate success in crushing the rebellion and re-establishing our authority, no Englishman can for an instant doubt. It is equally certain that this terrible struggle must lead to great and fundamental changes in the whole system of our Indian Government. Under the present management Indian finance is in a state of chronic insolvency. For the next year, at least, it will probably be impossible to collect the Bengal revenue. The military expenditure which will be immediately necessary must be very large, and it is equally clear that the organization of the Indian army, for the future, must be on a much larger and more expensive scale. How the Company will ever be able to meet such a state of things is a question on which it is impossible not to speculate. We see that Lord ELLENBOROUGH proposes a loan from the English Government. That it will come to that in the end, there can be no doubt. But before such an advance can be made on the security of English taxes, the House of Commons will require some better assurance than the present Indian Government affords, that the capital will be properly applied, and that there will be the wherewithal to pay the interest.

Great as the danger is, we see no reason for despondency or dejection. There is one measure of the Government to which we are happy to give our cordial and unqualified approval. The appointment of Sir COLIN CAMPBELL and Colonel MANSFIELD—the one to the chief command, and the other to the head of the staff—will give confidence and satisfaction to all who are acquainted with the merits of these two distinguished soldiers. With such men to handle English troops, victory is not doubtful. We shall conquer again as we have conquered before. But here we hope the parallel will cease. When our authority is once restored, we trust that we shall govern India as we have never governed before.

A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS.

THE wisdom and self-control which the House of Lords has now for a series of years exhibited, have disappointed the hopes which the Reform Act excited in its foes, and the fears which its friends were once clamorous in expressing. The sarcasm which describes its functions as confined to registering the votes of the House of Commons may be best answered by pointing out that, in devoting itself to the revision, expurgation, and improvement of the measures passed by the Lower House, it has gone far to constitute itself a great Council of State; and a *Conseil d'Etat* uniformly tends to develop itself into a body of even greater practical influence than a branch of the Legislature. It would be

matter of serious regret that the House of Lords should reassert its full legislative privileges on any question on which the mind of the country is fully made up; and it is especially lamentable that the issue between the Peers and the nation should be taken on the Oaths Bill. The Lords have been drawn into their present false position by insensible degrees. The Jew Bill was at first rejected by the accidental unanimity of the Bishops in opposing it, and the consequent derangement of the usual balance of opinion in the Upper House. Several years followed, in which the measure was thrown out, partly from sheer habit, partly for the respectable look of the thing, and partly because it was easy to hit hard at a sect which certainly did not number many friends. But, unfortunately, while the Lords have been continually rejecting the Bill from motives which would hardly bear scrutiny, the City of London, the country, and the House of Commons have gradually become more and more earnest in their zeal for its success. The position of Baron ROTHSCHILD at the poll, and the immense majority which passed the Bill in the Lower House, are symptoms which the Peers were foolish in neglecting; and now there is much chance of their being engaged in a very ugly contest with the estate of the realm which is all-powerful when it chooses to exert its power. Meanwhile, it is not clear that the House of Lords is even in earnest. The same newspapers which gave us Lord DERBY's speech, in moving the rejection of the Bill, contained also a letter from the same noble lord to the stewards of the Jockey Club. We appeal to every reader of the two manifestoes, whether the zeal of Lord DERBY for the purgation of the turf was not fanaticism itself compared with the frigidity of his anxiety for the pure Christian character of the Legislature.

The House of Lords will have no reason to pride itself on its usefulness as a great conserving and steady power in the Constitution, if its ill-timed resistance has the effect of inducing the Lower House to take the step urged on it by Mr. DILLWYN. Such was the temper of the meeting of Liberal members held on Thursday that, but for Sir JAMES GRAHAM's exertions, the whole strength of the majority would probably have been enlisted in favour of an expedient which would seriously, and perhaps irrevocably, derange the equilibrium of English institutions. We are far indeed from denying that the plan of instructing the clerk of the House of Commons to omit the formula obnoxious to Baron ROTHSCHILD, would have many recommendations, if the matter were still *res integra*. That oaths are to be taken in the form in which they are most binding on the conscience, and that the words of asseveration do not belong to the essence of the oath, are positions in harmony with the general doctrine of English law; and there is considerable force in the remark of the *Times* that, if the clause "on the true faith of a Christian," is a substantive part of the oath against the Pretender, it could never have been administered to a Jew suspected of Jacobitism. But it is a conclusive answer to these arguments that the House of Commons has, by its own act, excluded itself from taking the view which they presuppose. The conduct of the Lower House during several years has contained a positive admission that the difficulty occasioned to Jews by the form of the oath is one proper to be removed by legislation; and therefore, the question having been once submitted to the House of Lords, to settle it without the assent of the House of Lords would be simply revolutionary. Nothing can be conceived more dangerous than reluctance to allow its full binding force to this sort of admission. The line between acts of government which require legislative sanction, and those which do not, is exceedingly faintly drawn in England. There are, for instance, many most formidable changes which might legally be effected by the mere force of the prerogative; and our whole constitutional system is only preserved from utter disorder by the tendency of Ministers to shift the responsibility of innovations on Parliament, and by the practice of regarding Parliament as thenceforward exclusively responsible for the maintenance or alteration of the existing state of things. If it be once established that the submission of a particular question to Parliament may be recalled, as not conclusive against the right of the Crown to deal independently with the matters involved in it, the results are out of the power of living men to forecast. It may prove to be quite as easy to override the reluctance of the House of Commons by this expedient, as to subdue the distaste of the House of Lords; and the new method of carrying measures may be found equally available when they are seconded by the wishes of the country, and when they

are not. Nor ought the House of Commons to lose sight of the minor inconveniences which attend the settlement of the Jewish question in the manner suggested by Mr. DILLWYN. The terms of this foolish oath are prescribed in a penal statute; and if Baron ROTHSCHILD were to take his seat, he would instantly furnish a hopeful speculation to a swarm of informers. It is not at all certain what view the judicial Bench would take of the competence of the House of Commons to dispense with the formula of asseveration. In the event of a decision adverse to the opinion entertained by the House itself as to the extent of its powers, the miserable STOCKDALE *v. HANSARD* controversy would instantly recommence; and though it is not to be doubted that Baron ROTHSCHILD would be effectually protected, it would be at the cost of grave public scandal and heavy detriment to all established institutions.

If Lord JOHN RUSSELL's attempt to give the House of Lords an opportunity of reconsidering its decision be defeated, it is for the Government, which is committed to Jewish Emancipation, to make its choice between the various courses pointed out by constitutional precedent. We know this will be said to mean that Lord PALMERSTON ought to resign—an idea which variously excites contempt, indignation, or amusement in his supporters. But if the Government looks upon resignation as out of the question when its measures miscarry, the onus of devising some mode of ensuring their success is, at all events, on its shoulders; nor is there any question that for the failure of the Jew Bill we are indebted in great measure to the general impression that the present Administration will stand quiet under any rebuff. Somehow or other, we certainly do not appear to be getting all the advantages we were promised from a strong Government. Considering the slender provision of legislation with which the Ministry met the Parliament, the defeats and enforced compromises which it has had to undergo have been extraordinarily numerous; and, indeed, on the whole, its success does not seem to have been greater than that of Administrations which had to steer a difficult course amid the snags and sawyers of broken-up faction. In the present instance, the obligation of carrying through the Jew Bill weighs the more heavily on Lord PALMERSTON, because there is one part of his policy which has directly contributed to its rejection. The Cabinet gained the not very impressive adhesion of Lord SHAFESBURY, and it had, of course, the Whig vote of Lord CLARENDON's episcopal brother; but the Bishop of RIPON, the Premier's most significant appointment, divided against the bill. The theological partisanship of Lord PALMERSTON has, in fact, been a heavy blow and severe discouragement to the cause of religious liberty. It is impossible to promote with impunity the extreme members of an extremely bigoted party. People have a difficulty in persuading themselves that the patron of Dr. BICKERSTETH is really sincere in his hostility to a grievance which would have been removed long ago but for the fierce opposition of Dr. BICKERSTETH's school; and thus while Ministerialists feel themselves at liberty to hesitate, as they clearly did in the instances significantly alluded to by Mr. HORSMAN on Thursday, the Opposition is tempted to make the most of the equivocal situation. Everybody understands the policy of the Tory Lords on Friday week. They cared little enough about the Christianity of the Legislature; but they knew that the PREMIER owed a good deal of popularity to his Evangelical appointments, and they thought they had a fair opportunity for placing him in a false position with the religious world. And no doubt they were right in supposing that a Liberal Minister who allies himself with Exeter Hall is, *ex vi terminorum*, in a perpetual dilemma. The conduct of Lord SHAFESBURY shows the ludicrous and not very reputable shifts to which an Evangelical leader is driven when, from the strongest motives of interest and inclination, he tries to mitigate his antagonism to one of the simplest instalments of religious freedom.

THE LAWS OF MARITIME WAR.

OF all Lord PALMERSTON's undoubted talents, that which strikes us as the most remarkable is the plausible facility with which he can refuse the most reasonable request for information. We have got quite used to the stereotyped answer of pending negotiations, which generally suffices to stave off discussion until an irretrievable step has rendered it unavailing. But a case occurred the other day in which

it was necessary to improvise a new excuse; and our diplomatic PREMIER proved himself equal to the occasion. Mr. LINDSAY moved for the correspondence relating to the modifications of maritime law effected by the Conference of Paris. It was well known that the discussion with the United States had come to an end without any very definite result; and the usual answer was not available. There were no negotiations to be disturbed by a premature expression of opinion; so Lord PALMERSTON bethought him of an entirely original reason for not producing the papers. The American Government, having changed since the famous despatch of Mr. MARCY was written, is now, it appears, unwilling to go on with the discussion—at least for the present—and desires that the matter may be considered as suspended. Under these circumstances, Lord PALMERSTON declined to enter into any consideration of the important points which have been mooted, and deemed it inexpedient to furnish the documents desired. Every one seemed to acquiesce in this singular conclusion. Lord JOHN RUSSELL, while intimating a strong disapproval of what had been done, did not wonder at the refusal of the Government to afford any information, and Mr. LINDSAY himself withdrew his motion without a murmur. We are bound to assume that Lord PALMERSTON's dodge is strictly Parliamentary; but at the same time the reflection is forced upon us that there is no possible contingency in which it is of any use to ask for the production of documents. A pending negotiation is admitted to be a sufficient answer, and now a negotiation which has been suspended is accepted as a satisfactory excuse. A treaty going on and a treaty gone off are, it seems, equally good grounds for keeping Parliament in ignorance; and papers are never to be produced until the subject to which they relate has been brought to a conclusive end, and is beyond the control of Parliamentary opinion. If ever there was a question on which full information was imperatively required, it is this very matter of maritime law, which the Conference of Paris, in its laudable attempt to effect a final settlement, has left in greater confusion than ever. Surely the representatives of the people and the merchants of London and Liverpool have a right to know, so far as the Government can inform them, what are the laws of naval warfare by which British ships and cargoes may be affected in the event of war. If Lord PALMERSTON had consented to produce the correspondence, we should no doubt have been able to understand what are the present pretensions of America, and to what extent the declarations of the Paris Conference may be regarded as the accepted code of the world. As it is, we are left altogether in the dark. The United States, it appears, are no longer desirous to press their request for the universal immunity of private property on the Ocean; but whether, in withdrawing this condition to their acceptance of the Paris formulary, they are to be supposed to have adopted the rules laid down by Europe, or to have rejected them altogether for the sake of preserving their favourite privilege of privateering, is left entirely to conjecture.

That the resolutions adopted by the European Powers must ultimately become the recognised code of the Ocean can scarcely be doubted; but it would be satisfactory to know whether this result is to be arrived at with the cordial concurrence of America, or whether it is only to be reached after an unavailing but annoying struggle on the part of the United States to support their isolated view of the legality and humanity of licensed piracy. While we think that a discussion on the subject would have been most desirable, we cannot concur in the tardy objections which are now suggested to the rules laid down in Paris. The whole of the proposed code must be taken together—it being expressly determined by the representatives of the Powers in Congress that no negotiation should be entered into by any of them on the footing of a partial adoption of the new maxims. Looking at the resolutions from a purely English point of view, the sole question is, whether this country is a gainer by the abolition of privateering, at the cost of a surrender of the pretension to seize enemy's goods in a neutral ship—a pretension which in theory we always asserted until the last war, but by which we never gained anything except the hostility of Powers who would otherwise have remained neutral.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL, no less than Mr. LINDSAY, seems to regard this as an abandonment of a substantial part of the maritime supremacy to which England has hitherto successfully pretended. But what is it that we abandon? Simply a right the exercise of which we expressly sus-

pended during the Russian war, and which we could only put in force at the risk, and almost with the certainty, of converting every naval Power into an ally of our enemy for the time being. We have had one war with America on the score of this pretension, besides creating more than one hostile coalition among the maritime Powers of Europe ; and it does seem obvious that even if the question of free ships making free goods stood by itself, it would be good policy to concede it rather than to persist in a view which makes a quarrel with all the maritime States at once an almost inevitable consequence of a contest with one of them. But when the price offered for this renunciation of an unprofitable right is the abolition of privateering, which is beyond all comparison more hurtful to England than to any other nation, it is strange that any one should be found to complain of a bargain in which the substantial advantage is all on our side, while the only sacrifice is the sentimental grievance of having to abandon a view of international law in which we had previously opposed the general opinion of Europe without deriving any advantage to ourselves. One thing at least is certain—that if the concession agreed to by Lord CLARENDON at Paris is in any respect objectionable, it is not open to the complaints which Mr. LINDSAY urged and Lord JOHN RUSSELL seemed to indorse. The idea suggested was that, in the event of war, the risk to British shipping, and the consequent rate of insurance, would be either absolutely or relatively increased by the principles laid down at the Paris Congress. But how can any such consequence follow ? An absolute increase of risk is out of the question, because the chance of a British merchantman being captured by an enemy is certainly not increased by the circumstance that we abstain from searching a neutral ship for property belonging, or supposed to belong, to our adversary. In fact, the dangers would be palpably diminished by the suppression of the legalized piracy which inflicted far more damage upon us in former wars than the operations of a hostile navy. Mr. LINDSAY may be right in saying, that in case of war, insurance would rise to 10 per cent.; but if this be a correct estimate under the new régime, all the hazards from privateering would surely have raised it to 15 or 20 per cent., but for the abolition of that practice. It may be said that, without any absolute addition to our own risks, and even consistently with some diminution of the perils of British ships, our merchants may be prejudiced by the concession of greater facilities to neutral vessels. But how can the rule, "free ships make free goods," hurt us in this respect ? It has no application whatever, except to the case where the goods carried belong to the enemy. The only privilege conceded to neutrals by it is, that they are at liberty to transport from or to unblockaded ports property not contraband of war, which may belong to the subjects of the Power with which we are at war. But in doing this, the neutral ship would not be competing with us for the carrying trade of the world, for it would only be doing that which the vessel of a British merchant must, under any rule of warfare, be prohibited from undertaking. So far as the commerce between any two neutral Powers is concerned, the prejudice which our ships would suffer from a war would be precisely the same whether we accepted or rejected the doctrine of the immunity of the neutral flag.

What we have in fact abandoned is one of the means of crippling an enemy which we used to employ to the very general disgust of the world. We have not given up any advantage formerly enjoyed by our commercial marine ; but, on the contrary, we have abandoned a weapon of offence which was very troublesome to wield, and have secured in return the immunity of merchant vessels from what used to be their greatest risk. The two novelties established at Paris amount to this—the State has sacrificed a doubtful privilege of war, and the merchant has got rid of one of his greatest dangers. Why Mr. LINDSAY should be the person to complain of such an arrangement we are at a loss to understand. It is quite intelligible that the shipping interest may desire the abandonment of all belligerent rights against private property at sea. But it would be matter for very grave consideration whether such a diminution of our powers of offence in case of war would be compensated by the advantages secured to our mercantile marine. Whatever opinion may be formed on this point, it does seem strange that the settlement effected at Paris should be condemned as a mischievous innovation by those who advocate a much more extensive relaxation, in the same direction, of the rights of naval warfare.

PROGRESS OF MUTINY IN BENGAL.

WE did not expect any solacing news by the last mail from India ; and we have not received it. The point to which the mutiny in the Bengal army had attained, at the end of the month of May, rendered it little likely that the despatches of the early part of June would contain anything more cheering than an account of the first results of the successes gained by the rebels at Meerut and Delhi. We had seen sufficient indications of the tardy movements of retributive justice to give us little hope that any great blow would be promptly struck on the side of constituted authority. The instinct of self-preservation makes rebellion rapid in its demonstrations. It is everything to be early a-field, before the cumbrous machinery of the State is in working order. But authority, unwilling to risk anything, moves slowly and deliberately ; and if it do not assert itself with instant vigour, there is well nigh certain to be a critical pause. Desperate in its energies, erratic in its courses, rebellion leads off at score ; and if it be not overtaken at once, it will keep the lead, while authority is girding itself up for the race, and making success an eventual certainty. If Government do not win in the first hour, we may be sure that they will not win in the second.

We are in no hurry to condemn. The day of reckoning will come, when to every man will be assigned his own proper share of culpability. Humanly speaking, if, on that disastrous evening when the troopers of the 3rd Cavalry released their comrades from the gao at Meerut, authority, instead of waiting to brace, and belt, and pipe-clay itself, had struck out boldly in *deshabille*, we should not now be bewailing the fact that the whole of North-western India is in a blaze. What our resources were at that large and important military station does not clearly appear. It is the head-quarters of the Bengal Artillery; but we cannot learn that there was more than one troop of Horse Artillery—the most serviceable arm in such a conjuncture—in cantonments. There was a regiment of European Cavalry; but it is said that they had not one horse to every ten men. But whatever may have been the cause of the failure, the failure itself was a lamentable one, and the mutiny of a brigade grew into the rebellion of an army. Of this disastrous result we have now received the melancholy tidings. The seizure of Delhi—the imperial city of the Mogul, with all its old historical traditions and political associations—was much more than a military disaster. We cannot conceive anything more surely calculated to determine wavering malcontents, to give hope and heart to the desponding, to fill the apathetic with enthusiasm, and the timid with courage. It invested the demonstration externally with the character of a great national movement, and spoke trumpet-tongued to distant legions, summoning them to take part in the conflict. Without a leader, they especially wanted a rallying point ; and every day which saw the capital of Mahomedan India converted into the head-quarters of the mutineers, was sure to see new cohorts going over to the rebel cause.

We need not enter into details which have been read by the whole country. The last calculation is that twenty-eight regiments of infantry, four of cavalry, two companies of artillery, and the corps of Sappers and Miners, have fallen away from their allegiance. Many of these, when the last advices left India, were in open mutiny, and Delhi was still held by the rebels. But it was said that "the crisis was past." We confess that we take a different view of the "crisis." So long as rebellion, unchecked and unchastised, is in the ascendant—so long as the walls of Delhi enclose the head-quarters of the rebels—the "crisis" is not past. No decisive blow has yet been struck by authority. Indeed it can hardly be said that any blow has been struck. But the next mail may bring us tidings that Delhi has been captured by the Government troops, and a fearful retribution inflicted upon the rebel garrison. Then, perhaps, we may begin to think whether the crisis has passed ; but we are by no means sure we shall decide that it has. The season is in favour of the rebels. The burning heats of May and June, and the deluging rains of the succeeding months, render the movements of a European force difficult and hazardous. Already the chief of our army has been struck down by pestilence ; and the necessary tendency of his death must have been to cause delay and indecision in our movements, and to give hope and courage to the enemy. Our operations, therefore—already culpably slow—were likely to be still further protracted for want of a chief to conduct them ; and as, in the meanwhile, Delhi is not invested, the

rebel garrison will increase in numbers, and have leisure to mature their plans. But we have little to fear from this. The centralization of rebellion will be in our favour. What we desire is, to strike a heavy blow at it *en masse*; and, if the enemy give us an opportunity, there need be no fear of the result. But we confess that we do not see at present how we are to deal with it in detail. Our European force is not sufficiently strong for much division; and, if the mutineers scatter themselves over the country, and establish not one, but many, rallying-points, we shall not find it easy to deal with this difficulty until our reinforcements are poured into the country. Our eyes, indeed, are already distracted from Delhi to new points of danger; and we cannot disguise from ourselves that the progress of events has gone some way to weaken the hope which we once entertained, that a successful blow struck at the city of the Mogul would decide the fate of the mutineers.

Of the eventual re-establishment of our authority there can be no doubt. There will necessarily be much bloodshed and confusion, much terrible sacrifice of property, and much retardation of domestic improvement. But we do not see anything in the Bengal mutiny to weaken our hold of the country. Until Southern and Western India are also in a blaze, we may call the outbreak a local one—until the chiefs and people of India rise against us, we may call it the rebellion of a class. The nationalities of India have not combined against us. Princes of all denominations are offering us their aid. The Jat, the Rajpoot, the Mahrastra, the Mahomedan, are eager to place their resources at our command. All the great historical names not blotted out from the calendar of Indian chiefships are to be found in the muster-roll of our allies. The last mail from India has brought intelligence to confirm our hopes of the fidelity of these native States. SCINDIAH, HOLKAR, the Rajah of BHURPORE, and the NIZAM have openly declared themselves in our favour. The Rajpoot Princes, headed by the Maharana of OUDEYPORE, are willing to rise in support of the Feringhees. The people—except perhaps those within a few miles of Delhi—know little, and care less about these unhappy events. Some may regard the opportunity as favourable to a postponement of their payment of the revenue-instalments due to Government; but the general apathy of the Hindostanee character has not been roused to overt acts of loyalty or rebellion. The conduct of the wretched rabble of the bazaars, who would have plundered their own people as ruthlessly as they have pillaged the Europeans, is to be received as no indication of the popular feeling. Beyond this, we only learn that in the villages they have harboured and protected our fugitives, and in some instances turned against the mutineers, by whose threatened depredations they have been selfishly alarmed. There is hopefulness, indeed, in the thought that the licentious exactions of the lawless soldiery are sure in time to rouse the popular feeling against the rebel cause. The industrious portion of the population will turn to us for protection, well knowing that their true interest lies in siding with that party whose mission it is to save, and not to destroy.

Such we believe to be the present position of affairs in Bengal, and such, humanly speaking, the prospect before us. But another turn of the kaleidoscope may falsify all our anticipations, and set all our experience at nought. It is difficult to calculate effects until we have arrived at some knowledge of causes. At present all is surmise and conjecture. The causes assigned for this rising of the Bengal soldiery are many. We shall have other opportunities of speaking of them, and of the various proposed remedies for the admitted evils. That there must be a searching inquiry and an organic change of system is certain. But it is equally certain that we must move with extreme caution, or we may supply a remedy more pregnant with danger than the evil which it is intended to cure.

LORD SHAFESBURY'S CONVICTIONS OF SIN.

THE zeal of new converts is proverbially intense; and of course there is reason in this, when men have much leeway to make up. We shall not, after the fashion of certain leading articles, go through our Dictionary of Common-places, to exhibit all the most famous renegades in the first flush of their conversion or apostacy. We have all met the reformed rake, in public or private life; and we have had his experiences, in Exeter Hall and elsewhere. The char-

latan's manner of speech is somewhat monotonous. He always begins by exaggerating his old self—exaggerating, we say, because we trust, for the credit of human nature, that the raw material of some first-rate saints is scarce. There was our old friend HOCKIN, the temperate blacksmith. Less than a quart of gin per day in his unrenewed state would not suffice to signalize the penitence of this hard-drinking apostle of temperance. Something like the experiences of MESSALINA are occasionally detailed to glorify the reformation of a MAGDALEN; and there are many religious biographies—JOHN NEWTON's, for example—which, it is but charitable to hope, only throw in the black shadows for the sake of enhancing the lights of the picture. Here now is Lord SHAFESBURY—he, too, is in the first flush of penitence. He has just awoken to the dangers of his spiritual state, and he makes the most of his past profligacy. For many a long year he has been in Egypt—in darkness and in the house of bondage. A light has streamed upon him—his chains have fallen off, &c. &c. One looks, under such circumstances, for a good deal of exaggeration. It is the penitent's wish always to make himself out a more inconceivable and unnatural rascal than he really was. Lord SHAFESBURY is an example of this. He has been enlightened on the profligacy and sin of the Oath of Abjuration. He has come, all of a sudden, to find that the oath which he has been taking annually for these twenty or thirty years, is not only silly and useless—which we believe it to be—but “repugnant to common sense and decorum, and little short of blasphemous.” “An oath which everybody dislikes, and many persons take with ridicule—this is the Oath of Abjuration, which attests what has no existence.” This is strong language. Lord SHAFESBURY does not mince matters when he describes his past peccadilloes.

The first reflection which here occurs to the inquiring mind, when it is not under the first flaming ecstacies of religious revolution, is, “If this be so, how very careful ought we all to be—especially, how very careful ought religious people to be—in the discharge of that particular duty of religion which consists in being uncommonly hard upon other people's sins.” It is undeniable that at least one half of the extant religion of the day consists in cursing poor sinners. From Lord SHAFESBURY's case we learn how very dangerous this sort of thing is. His lordship is a very religious man. We have his own word for it, and the conscientious testimony of the religious world in its selectest forms. Every Sunday evening he introduces, something after the manner of a master of the ceremonies, the crack preachers to their congregations in Exeter Hall; and it is only a very highly-distinguished religious person who could venture upon such an office. Nevertheless, this very Lord SHAFESBURY has, some thirty times or more, committed this sin, which is all but blasphemy. He has, in his own person, taken this oath, which is so revolting and profane, some thirty times—he has heard it taken hundreds upon hundreds of times—and yet this faithful servant of religion has never felt a scruple or a doubt on the matter till last week. He is now enlightened; but certainly he was a long time in the tents of the ungodly. He awakes, but over late. He was never, till the very night of a critical division, conscious of the wickedness of his life. Well, then, we say we ought to be at least tender and merciful to the wicked of this world, if even eminent saints can so long remain, without a compunctions feeling, in the habit of using blasphemous, or all but blasphemous, language. If Lord SHAFESBURY, at fifty or sixty years of age, is for the first time enlightened on his own acts of unconscious “profanity and blasphemy,” surely this sad and crushing confession will render him for the future less rigorous about Sunday trains.

Further, without derogation from our earnest belief in the sincerity of this noble penitent, we venture to remark that his scruples have arisen at a particularly happy crisis, not only in his own spiritual life, but in the fortunes of that Ministry from which he has received no small measure of confidence. In fact, in his anxiety to atone for this sin, he takes a course which looks like doing evil that good might come. Lord SHAFESBURY's horror at the blasphemous character of the Oath of Abjuration enables him, with a safe conscience, to vote for the admission of Jews to Parliament. Hitherto, of course, he has been conscientiously opposed to “unchristianizing the Legislature;” and he is so still. But, on the whole, he considers this a less evil than abjuring the House of Stuart. To protest against the House of Stuart is worse than to sacri-

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fice the Christianity of the House of Commons. It is superfluous in these columns to say that we are heartily in favour of the Jew Bill; yet we cannot but wonder at Lord SHAFESBURY's vote in favour of that measure. If—which, after the present exhibition of the typical leader of the Protestant interest, may be doubted—Lord SHAFESBURY is anything, his sole claim to distinction is as the representative of the extreme side of Evangelical religion. If he is not this, his pretensions as a public man literally cease. Apart from his clique, he is absolutely below mediocrity—so much so that there are many sensible persons who always begin to suspect themselves and their principles when they happen to find themselves agreeing with Lord SHAFESBURY. Now it is needless to say on what grounds the Evangelical body, and we must indeed add almost all "the religious world," candidly and consistently assert that the admission of the Jews to Parliament would be an act of national apostacy. With this opinion we profess no sympathy whatever. We are assured that Jewish emancipation is a direct, inevitable, and proper inference from the principles of religious liberty; and there are, it is well known, Christians quite as good as Lord SHAFESBURY—we of course ask pardon of the *Record* for so extravagant an assumption—who are persuaded that the real interests of Christianity and the Church would be actually advanced by such a measure as that which has just been rejected by the Lords. But, in this liberal and far-seeing policy, it is impossible that Lord SHAFESBURY and his friends can coincide. They have fixed upon the Jew Bill as the seal of national apostacy, and yet Lord SHAFESBURY votes for it. His religious friends must surely view the admission of the Jew to every right of citizenship, and the consequent unchristianizing of the Legislature, as a thing more dreadful than abjuring the House of STUART. Lord SHAFESBURY says that that house is extinct, which it certainly is not in its collaterals; but if it were, we cannot think that an oath which, at the very worst, is only a superfluity, can be compared with a direct, formal, and positive change in the constitution of this country—a change so large and so vital as to amount, as we are assured, to a solemn abrogation of our corporate Christian profession. Yet Lord SHAFESBURY will actually make away with the Christianity of the country, in order that his tender conscience may not, for the thirty-first time, suffer violence in denying the claims to the English throne of some Modenese princes. We have heard about swallowing camels and straining at something else, but we never, till the other night, saw the operation performed. How Exeter Hall relishes thisfeat of deglutition remains to be seen.

Unfortunately, people will look out for motives for Lord SHAFESBURY's vote. A distinguished conversion cannot escape criticism. It so happens that the unlucky coincidence occurred which is always so trying to converts—the awakened conscience chanced to synchronize with the penitent's interest. The Government which had given Lord SHAFESBURY so many Bishoprics and Deaneries wanted his Lordship's vote, and got it—national Christianity, the pledges and principles of Evangelicalism, and so forth, notwithstanding. To anything but popular Puritanism, this tendency to barter principle for preferment would, as we have often said in discussing the future of Evangelicalism, prove that the day of its demoralization had arrived; and, with any other public man than Lord SHAFESBURY, such a vote as his on the Jew Bill would have been the last of his political existence. But as we have not, unfortunately, much confidence in the sincerity of those whom his lordship represents, we do not expect anything more to come of it than an unctuous defence, in the accredited organ of the party, of an act which we do not choose further to characterize.

MR. THACKERAY AT OXFORD.

EVEN at a moment less barren in topics of domestic interest than the present, the first appearance on the political stage of such a man as Mr. THACKERAY would be a notable event. There are few men now living who have achieved, by legitimate arts, so extensive and solid a reputation in a department of literature which none but the ignorant and the priggish will presume to undervalue. He has treated novel-writing in a really scientific and philosophical spirit—not as an accidental vehicle for crude theories and undigested ideas huddled before the public by the clumsy machinery of a fictitious cast of characters.

The tales of Mr. THACKERAY have been careful and conscientious studies of real life, exhibiting a marvellous power of analysis, and a knowledge of human nature almost unrivalled. The subjects which he selects are not always the pleasantest, and the point of view from which his perspective is drawn may not always be the most cheerful. Readers who delight in a Carlo Dolce aspect of humanity will not find much to please them in the muscular developments and anatomical details of MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH. But those who seek for power of delineation, accuracy of dissection, and truthfulness in the rendering of nature, will educate their minds and correct their judgment by a study of the writings of THACKERAY.

That a man who has so completely established his supremacy in his own realm should pant for fresh conquests in new spheres, is not surprising. With his lion's skin on his shoulders, and his satirical club in his hands, like the Pelican youth, he may well exclaim, *Non unus sufficit orbis*. We have no sympathy with the vulgar prejudice which assumes an inherent incapacity for political life in men who have addicted themselves to professional literature. Many men distinguished in letters have, it is true, conspicuously failed in public life, but only because the political faculty is a much rarer quality than imaginative and descriptive power. NEWTON and GIBBON may be quoted as undistinguished members of Parliament, and Mr. MACAULAY stands out in high relief as a brilliant failure. But SHERIDAN, BURKE, MACKINTOSH, and BROUGHAM are examples which prove that the very highest order of political ability may exist in men whose reputation might have stood alone on their literary merits. It is the interest of that majority of mediocrities of whom the mass of vulgar opinion is composed to persuade themselves and the world that no man can do two things well. The reputation for wit was almost fatal to Mr. CANNING's political career, because the Tories chose to believe that a man of genius could not be a safe politician. They accordingly took refuge in the steady-going commonplace of Lord HAWKESBURY, assuring themselves that he must be safe, for no other reason than that they knew him to be dull. We believe the truth to lie in the exact opposite of this vulgar hypothesis. We are disposed to think that the very best reason in the world for expecting that a man will do one thing well is the experience that he has succeeded in another. It is certainly not true that all literary men have been successful as politicians, any more than it would be correct to assert that all baronets and Chairmen of Quarter Sessions have been endowed by nature with a monopoly of statesmanship; yet we see no reason why Mr. THACKERAY should not contend with honour in the lists in which Mr. DISRAELI and Sir E. BULWER LYTTON have already won their spurs.

We have more than once thought it necessary to remonstrate against the loose and irregular manner in which writers like Mr. DICKENS and the late Mr. JERROLD have thought fit to deal, in the current literature of the day, with political questions and with the fundamental institutions of the country. We are the more anxious on that account that our views should not be misunderstood, though it is more than we can expect that they should not be misrepresented. We have never written a line to imply that men who have occupied themselves in the walk of light literature are necessarily incapacitated from taking a part in political discussions. What we object to is not the fact of their dealing with such topics, but the loose, reckless, and ignorant manner in which they too often handle public questions. Certainly we should be the last to deny the right of literature to represent itself in the great council of the nation at least as fully as the legal, military, or commercial elements which enter so largely into the constitution of Parliament. What we demand is, that literary men should subject themselves to the salutary discipline of public responsibility, and should test their political philosophy by the touchstone of practical statesmanship. If this were more commonly the case, we should not find them so ready to sneer at institutions which they have not taken the pains to study, or so apt to ventilate extravagant projects because they will not take the trouble to satisfy themselves of their impracticability. One of the great misfortunes of the working of the Reform Act—which, in the imagination of its promoters, was to have been the great charter of equality, but which has really proved little more than a middle-class *privilegium*—has been the very general exclusion of literary men from the House of Commons, and their consequent recourse to other and less unexceptionable chan-

nels for the promulgation of their political ideas. The character both of Parliament and of literary men themselves might be improved by a change in this respect.

But while, on general grounds, we are ready to view favourably the candidature of a man like Mr. THACKERAY, we are bound to say that we have seen with some surprise, and much regret, the course which he has adopted at the outset of his new career. In the speech which he made in introducing himself to the constituency of Oxford, he is reported to have said:—"With respect to triennial Parliaments, if the people are for it, I am ready to follow the popular behest. I do not see for my own part, how any good can arise from them." In any man seeking to enter the House of Commons, we should condemn such a view of the function of a representative as utterly false and wrong in principle; but in a man occupying Mr. THACKERAY's position, we must pronounce it doubly inexcusable. He is no doubt well acquainted with that storehouse of political philosophy, and masterpiece of the English language—the speech of Mr. BURKE to the electors of Bristol. But his offer to adopt a view contrary to his own judgment, in obedience to "the popular behest," flagrantly sins against all the maxims laid down in that great constitutional discourse. If we desire to see such men as Mr. THACKERAY in Parliament, it is that they may bring to bear on public affairs, not only the brilliance of their wit and the powers of their intellect, but, before all and above all, the deliberate convictions of their matured judgment.

If Mr. THACKERAY had said that, after a careful consideration of the subject, he had formed an opinion favourable to Triennial Parliaments, we might not have been able to agree in his conclusion, yet we should have considered with respect the judgment of such a man on a most important constitutional question. But we protest against his coming into the House of Commons, not to give us the opinions of the author of *Vanity Fair*, but to dress up, in a more presentable form, the crotchetts of the ten-pounders of Folly Bridge. He is far too considerable a man to be set to this kind of dirty work. It is as flagrant a misapplication of power as it would be to harness Blink Bonny to a dung-cart. "WISCOUNT WILLIAMS," and the other gentlemen of the Metropolitan borough calibre, are the proper sort of cattle to work this traffic. If Mr. THACKERAY has no definite opinions on such a question as that of the duration of Parliaments, it will be a great loss to the literature of the country, and no great gain to its legislation, that his time should be spent in the lobby instead of in his study. However glad we might be that such a man should come forward and give us the benefit of his well-considered views on the public questions of the day, we should think it anything but an advantage, either to the reputation of Mr. THACKERAY or to the character of the House of Commons, that a cultivated intellect and polished wit should dress itself out in the rags picked up in the kennels of High-street. If such minds are to be of any use in public affairs, they must be above taking impressions from the vulgar and the uninstructed. A master-mind should not hire itself out as a servant-of-all-work. We should be very happy to see Mr. THACKERAY in the capacity of a political steward; but, for his own sake as well as ours, we protest against his going out as a "slavey." This system of men who aspire to the representation of the people condescending to accept the situation of delegates of the mob, is the fatal and growing evil of our representative system. It is, unfortunately, practised to a far greater extent even than it is avowed. A politician who goes down to contest a constituency does not consider what opinions he is prepared to justify, but only how many points of the Charter it is essential to his success that he should swallow. This is bad enough even in the case of men not much more fit to judge of such questions than the ten-pounders whose ideas they borrow and adopt. But it is inexcusable in Mr. THACKERAY, from whose mouth we had a right to expect a different language. We should have thought that a great writer and thinker could have well afforded to say to the electors of Oxford:—"Gentlemen, I have spent the best years of my life in the study of mankind. I have spared no labour to understand the English people. I have well considered the institutions of the country—I have made myself acquainted with their merits, and I have formed an opinion of their defects. I am prepared to explain to you my ideas. If you agree in my views, I am willing to become their public exponent, and to serve you and the country in the capacity of a representative. If

your sentiments and mine do not coincide, I must take my leave of you. It is your business to find a member who represents your ideas—it is mine to find a constituency whose sentiments honestly agree with my own."

CAIUS AND CAIA.

IT is said to be a sign of a failing condition of the national mind, when it produces minute philosophers in the work of legislation. We do not consider the English mind at all senescent; but it is undeniable that at present there is a perfect rage for Acts of Parliament to redress all the little social and domestic miseries of human life. We are putting down nuisances by special and little occasional enactments. There is the Bill for controlling the sale of dirty books—the Bill for dealing with adulterations, which Mr. INGRAM TRAVERS is prepared to show will vexatiously interfere with half the retail trade of the kingdom—and the Bill introduced by Lord RAYNHAM to prevent cruelty to animals, which will put a stop to live-bait fishing and galloping a horse to a railway station. And finally, there is Sir ERSKINE PERRY's Bill for redressing all the hitches which occur about money matters between married people. We class these things together—asking pardon, of course, of the ladies for the offensive collocation—as they all illustrate a principle which requires to be checked. We have come to think—at least many people have come to think—that all the anomalies of this wicked, working, complex world can be put to rights by an Act of Parliament. The foolish Alderman who set himself and Guildhall the task of putting down suicide was a professor of the minute philosophy of which we have spoken. We do not ourselves believe that an Act of Parliament is so omnipotent as noblemen and Parliamentary gentlemen think. An Act of Parliament is just as natural a resource for crotchetty people as writing letters to the newspapers. If one is jostled in the street by a perambulator—if one finds that an omnibus ought to be two feet longer—if one's eyes are offended by the performances of the bill-stickers, or one's sense of propriety by the pseudo-medical advertisements—and if one asks advice as to the best mode of dealing with the grievance—ten to one the opinion of friends and neighbours will be that one should either write to the *Times* or get some unemployed M.P. to take up the case. Now, cruelty to animals and cruelty to wives are both very bad things; but there is one thing, perhaps, nearly as bad—namely, crude, unprincipled, extemporaneous legislation to meet narrow and specific grievances. We believe that Sir ERSKINE PERRY's "Married Women Bill" is a case in point.

Of course everybody is aware that there are special cases of hardship, where a woman marries a good-for-nothing husband and suffers for it in every conceivable relation of life—reduction to poverty being by no means the most intolerable portion of her lot. We know not only all the typical cases produced annually by the ladies' advocates—not only the great instance of the lady who inherited property and found it all bequeathed by a scamp of a husband to an illegitimate son, which has certainly done good service in many a speech and pamphlet—but we know also the infamous history of the ill-starred washerwoman whose hard earnings went to a drunken sot who married her only for the net proceeds of her tubs and ironing-boards. Yet the real question is, will an Act of Parliament prevent all these tragedies of domestic life? We colour our arsenic with soot, and yet young ladies (or they are much belied) can procure it either for their own faces or their lovers' chocolate. All the bills in Parliament will not make every husband a model man.

In the first place, we think that the attempt to remedy the crosses of married life will fail; and in the next, we feel tolerably well assured that, on the whole, the married state, though occasionally liable to grievous abuses, is, as far as women are concerned, better as it is. It is merely a question of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and for this we believe that it is better to legislate for the good wives and husbands than for the bad ones. As it is, unquestionably women have the best of it. They certainly have to toil and spin, but they are, especially in these days, arrayed in purple and fine linen: and if they are wise, they will not encourage the idea that it is their business to earn any portion of the family income. If once the notion which is at the root of Sir ERSKINE PERRY's reform really possesses itself of the English mind—if it is generally understood that in married life

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a woman does not merge her existence in that of her husband; but that she is to possess, as a matter of common law, a right to her separate property and her separate earnings—it will soon cease to be the understood thing that a man is bound to maintain his wife. Is this a change which would suit women's interests? The only bond and stay of domestic life is in the consciousness that it is the husband's pride and duty to support his wife. Middle and lower life is carried on upon this basis. It has been always believed that the elevation of the female sex was the great social or moral reform of Christianity; and it is not to be denied that what Mr. ROEBUCK looks on with so much horror, as "the disgraceful state of the law, which merges the existence of the married woman in that of her husband," is the consequence of the Christian rule. As things are, the wife is not only elevated, but substantially benefited. But as soon as it is announced that the duty of providing for the household is to be divided, many a woman will be forced to work who now only enjoys the privilege of being worked for. Heiresses and money-earning wives are the exception. Already the law provides for the former, and the latter is a class which if women are alive to their own real interests, they will not be too eager to foster. As far as fancy pictures to and exceptional cases go, it is just as easy to draw caricatures of the husband and children suffering under the caprices and follies, or worse, of a wife with a separate income, as it is to legislate for Madame MASTALINI. A bill for the protection of husbands will next be wanted. Sir JOHN BULLER thinks—and it is no extravagant assumption—that if wives had the control and disposition of their own property, there would be a tendency in the wife to make favourites of some children, to the exclusion of others—and consequently to encourage domestic jealousies and seditions among the children. Mr. FRIZZERTON does not draw very strongly on our imagination when he suggests the fancy portrait of the wife of the British bosom torn from the domestic hearth at the suit of some iron-hearted purveyor of bonnets and female gear. And we might go on conceiving other and quite as probable cases. How is the house to be managed, and the children cared for, if the wife is to be encouraged in the notion that it is her business to earn either her separate income, or to contribute to the common stock? Is that type of domestic life which the factory wife exhibits to be the rule in English middle-class society? For this is Sir ERSKINE PERRY's ideal, and to this we must come if there is to be any change at all. We are glad to see that the Bill is shelved for the Session; and in the presence of the Divorce Bill, which embodies the only parts of Sir ERSKINE PERRY's scheme which are "all valuable"—those which deal with the property of women legally separated—it would be absurd to consider his absurd and abortive proposal.

MR. GLADSTONE ON CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

MR. GLADSTONE is sure to command attention, when he speaks on such a subject as Classical Education. It is one of those subjects so intimately connected with the career and the name of particular men, that they always have some degree of novelty and interest when handled by those who are acknowledged as marked out to represent them. As Lord John Russel has a certain right to speak on religious toleration, and his words have weight, although from the lips of another man they would sound like platitudes, so Mr. Gladstone has a right to speak on Classical Education. And there is one peculiar advantage when public men, from time to time, speak on a question that is in an especial manner their own. It becomes worth while for those who in the main agree with them to note the minor points of disagreement. We are compelled to take the opinions of an inferior exponent of any system in the mass, and either to assent to or to deny his conclusions. We cannot afford to qualify and modify what he lays before us. But it is different when a man of Mr. Gladstone's University eminence speaks of classical education. The mode in which he regards even minor points becomes of importance. While, therefore, we entirely agree with the fundamental doctrine laid down by Mr. Gladstone in his speech at Glenalmond, and admit that a classical education is the best that an Englishman can have, we wish to take exception to one or two matters of detail, and to express our dissent from certain portions of what he said.

In the first place, we think Mr. Gladstone's expressions would have naturally led any one unacquainted with the subject to suppose that a classical education always meant the same thing, and that the instruction given to one generation, if called classical, was the same as that given to another. So far is this from being really the case, that hardly any change in English

society is greater than that which distinguishes the classical education of to-day from that given half a century ago. Classical education used to mean what is technically termed scholarship—it now means not only scholarship, but a whole body of history, geography, moral and metaphysical philosophy, jurisprudence, and physical inquiry, based upon the writings of the Greeks and Romans. We still keep the standard of pure scholarship as high as possible, but we do so avowedly, in order that we may apprehend fully and clearly what the ancients have to teach us. At Cambridge, so far are classics from being considered all-sufficient, that a very considerable proficiency in mathematics is required from candidates for classical honours. At Oxford, pure scholarship is almost entirely omitted from the final examination in *litterae humaniores*. The examination is mainly directed to test the progress of candidates in the study of ancient history, and of moral and mental philosophy. And, what is even more important as an indication of what a classical education now means, the Universities are really influenced and governed by men who have used their classical training as an opening into some further department of knowledge. Pure scholarship does not command any very high degree of respect. In short, classical education is now recognised as indispensable, but still as chiefly valuable because it gives the key to something beyond it.

A remarkable illustration of the manner in which classical education expands may be derived from the history of its employment as a political guide. It is very true, as Mr. Gladstone says, that the study of classical literature promotes the love of political liberty. But we only see in classical literature what we ourselves bring to the inspection. There have been many first-rate scholars who have had a very subdued love for freedom. The Tory squires of the Eldon period rejoiced in the study of a republican literature, without any great predilection for republican opinions. Throughout the eighteenth century there were certainly some few persons, such as Charles Fox, who consciously and indisputably strengthened their attachment to liberty by frequently perusing the masterpieces of the freemen of the ancient world. But Mitford wrote the history of Greece to prove that virtue was on the side of the aristocrats, and he had very little more sympathy with the leaders of Athens than with the leaders of revolutionary France. It was not until the general material and intellectual advance of the country had given an impetus to the liberal party, and shaken Toryism to its base, that any wide admiration for the ancient heroes of civil freedom was entertained. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was the first person who gave currency and prominent expression to this admiration. No one can say he was made a liberal by his classical studies, but, being thoroughly imbued with the innovating opinions of his time, and being himself of an ardent and frank nature, he easily came to convert Thucydides into a text for modern political discussions. Of course, the study of writers whose greatness was mainly derived from the atmosphere of moral freedom which they breathed, tended to confirm, to deepen, and to regulate the political prepossessions already existing in the minds of those who tried to apply the lessons of antiquity to the modern world. But the movement came from without, and, having come, has contributed greatly to change the nature of classical education in this country.

And what has happened in politics has happened in morals also. We suppose no one will question that there has sprung up a wish in recent years to find a basis of morals outside the region of dogmatic theology. Those who a quarter of a century ago represented this wish perceived the enormous advantage to be gained from the study of moral systems formed previously to the spread of Christianity. It is impossible, when examining the systems of modern moralists, to be sure that we have eliminated all the matter which they have derived directly or indirectly from the religion in which they have been brought up. But in the writings of Plato and Aristotle, we have a standing point whence we can judge of what man is when he is unassisted by revelation. The study of these authors has therefore been made a part of classical education, and the attention of the student has been directed to the discussion of those problems which, interesting alike to the ancient and the modern world, presented themselves to the former in a simpler aspect. Within the last few years an attempt has been made by the more bigoted section of the priestly party in France to get rid of classical study altogether; and although the indecency of certain classical authors was the pretext most prominently put forward, there can be no doubt that the real danger apprehended was the use to which it was seen the classics were put as a basis of free inquiry. Protestants, of course, have no other wish or interest than that truth may be sifted and established, and therefore we may regard this new use of a classical education as most valuable and beneficial. But it also came primarily from without; and it may accordingly be adduced as a proof that, if classical education acts powerfully on the thoughts and characters of Englishmen, it is itself acted on, its direction changed, and the estimate of its purposes guided, by the general tone, taste, and habits of the generation which is for the time being in possession of the field.

There is also another point on which we think Mr. Gladstone's speech is open to objection. Let us grant that a classical education of the highest and severest kind is a necessary part of a complete education, and also that the grammar of the classical languages is the best elementary training for the young. But let us put aside both those who carry on education with great natural

gifts, abundant means, and sound health, and also those who are merely beginners, and of whose future character and career we can scarcely venture to form an opinion. A large class still remains; and it is a class which is, we think, too often and too largely sacrificed to the routine of a classical education. When a boy is fifteen, it may be expected that he should know his Greek and Latin grammar, be able to construe moderately hard passages of the ancient authors, and have a competent acquaintance with the histories of Greece and Rome. But it may be perfectly evident that he is not qualified to attain to any real proficiency in classics, and still less to use the ancient literature and languages as an introduction to wider studies. If such a boy is made to go on grinding in the usual classical treadmill, he is simply sacrificed. He is made to go on, not because it does him any good, but because it does good to some other boys cleverer than himself. It will be found that in four cases out of five, he could be made to work hard, and take real interest in some department of human knowledge. Unless his tastes are consulted, he learns absolutely nothing. Nor is there anything to regret if he is guided in some measure by the thought of what will be useful to him in after life. Mr. Gladstone, with illiberal jocularity, says that if it is useful to learn French, it is still more useful to make a coat, and therefore that, if we come to consider utility, we ought to make our sons tailors. We should think the youngest boy at Glenalmond would have had the reply on his tongue's end—that by "useful" is meant useful to a person in a certain station of life, and that to know how to make a coat would not be the slightest use to any one who could pay a tailor, but that the same person might reap many advantages from the power of expressing himself in the first of Continental languages.

Mr. Gladstone sneers at all studies, except classical studies, as being new-fangled. Such license of speech may be excusable when uttered in the hurry of an impromptu address, but it will not bear examination. The metaphysical studies of Oxford go back to the middle ages—the mathematical celebrity of Cambridge preceded the serious study of the classics at either University. Medicine and jurisprudence were held in honour before the walls of any college resounded with a lecture on Greek particles. By the introduction, or rather resuscitation, of new-fangled studies, we are but recovering lost ground. It is in vain to think of putting these novelties down. The parents of a very large proportion of English youths find that their sons simply waste their time if they continue classics beyond a certain point, and accordingly they cry out for some means to be adopted which may ensure their money being laid out to advantage. Mr. Gladstone triumphs in saying that the instinct of parents guides them right, and that, though they long for the course of education to be changed, they still send their sons to public schools. The fact is that the social advantages of a public school are so great that parents are willing to forego education in order to place their sons in one of the great schools. Ten years ago, it was possible for a boy to grow up at Eton without learning anything whatever—it was at his option whether he would make the smallest advance even in the classics. Still Eton was in high repute. Now, however, great changes have been forced on the public schools—modern languages, mathematics, and history, are taught at all. Still, even at the best schools there are many boys who are annually sacrificed to the system of a classical education, prolonged far beyond the point at which it is advantageous to those who have no chance or intention of becoming good scholars, or using scholarship as an instrument of thought. To alter this is but to obey the dictates of common sense, and no taunts or sneers can prevent the change.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW AND MODERN NOVELISTS.

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in a powerful and very curious article, has directed attention to the serious mischiefs arising from the growing influence of novels with the half-educated classes, and the growing tendency of novelists to assume the functions of political censors. The topics discussed in this instructive paper have been frequently handled in our own columns, but the space at the command of the *Edinburgh Review* enables it to give them a fulness of illustration which is scarcely possible with ourselves. The instances selected by the Reviewer are the caricature of the Government offices in Mr. Dickens's *Little Dorrit*—the libel on Birmingham Gaol, in the novel of Mr. Charles Reade called *It is Never too Late to Mend*—and that miserable story in the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* of which Mrs. Gaskell has recently admitted the untruth. The last example evidently stands on a rather different footing from the others. It no doubt shows the completeness with which the literary mind is apt to give itself up to its own foregone conclusions, and illustrates the distinction—a distinction implied in the difference between imagination and reason—which exists between skill in the production of literary effects, and skill in the verification and employment of alleged evidence. But Mr. Dickens and Mr. Reade are, as the Reviewer abundantly proves, deliberate perverters and falsifiers of facts. Mrs. Gaskell is open to no such accusation; and the worst that can be said of her is, that she allowed herself to assume that the resources of her own art included a faculty which is sometimes only imperfectly acquired by the special training of half a life.

The Reviewer deals rather more harshly, on the whole, with Mr. Reade than with Mr. Dickens. We think there is a little

injustice in this, though the bias of the critic is amply explained by the habits of thought to which we have gradually accustomed ourselves. A class of writers—of which Mr. Dickens and the religious novelists are samples at once curiously like and curiously unlike—have almost completely debauched our sympathies and understandings on the subject of the relation which opinions should bear to facts. We have got to think it quite natural and pardonable in a Puseyite romancer to make the exponent of Evangelicalism put the wrong name to a promissory note, or in an Evangelical novelist to send the Puseyite clergyman over to Rome in company with his neighbour's wife. The forgery of facts takes rank with the fine arts, and we have Ruskins who lay down canons to enable us to judge between the comparative values of imaginative flimsy. Few of us have sufficient integrity of mind to perceive that Mr. Dickens was guilty of a moral offence in constructing a set of facts to support his condemnation of the Public Offices. Even the *Edinburgh Review* speaks in a tone which seems to imply that the writer who invents a falsehood is less guilty than the writer who exaggerates a truth. We cannot admit this. Mr. Dickens's facts are entirely imaginary. The evidence on which his conclusion was really based, consisting, as it did, of ignorant popular rumours and vague newspaper statements, was so worthless as to be absolutely null. But Mr. Reade had really some evidence to second his opinion. Either from sterility of invention, or (as we would hope) from a juster view of the conditions which should govern practical judgments, he took the Report and Evidence of the Royal Commission on the Birmingham Gaol, and formed them into the basis of the elaborate descriptions which fill the greater part of his first and second volumes. The authority was good, as far as it went; but Mr. Reade's offence lay in straining and tampering with every single datum which his authority gave him. This, in our opinion, was extremely culpable; but we cannot agree with the view taken by the Reviewer—rather impliedly, it is true, than expressly—of the ratio which the delinquency bears to those habitually practised by Mr. Dickens. We hold that it is worse to tell a whole lie than half a one. The homage to truth involved in a partial adherence to it ought to be admitted in extenuation.

We are, however, indebted for much instruction to the prominence given to Mr. Reade in this article. Nothing can be more curious than the comparison which the Reviewer has instituted between the facts of the Birmingham Gaol case and the representations of them in the popular novel. In *Little Dorrit* we have only the result—the concrete phenomenon. Nobody can trace the mental operation by which the Barnacles and the other Circumlocutionists were conceived. It is Mr. Dickens's secret exclusively. But in *It is Never too Late to Mend* we have the chemistry of modern romance. The salts crystallize, the gases diffuse themselves, the metals agglomerate before our very eyes. The process consists in twisting, perverting, misrepresenting, adding to or taking away from, every single truth which enters into the material basis. Here are specimens of the manipulation which facts must undergo before they become fitted for the novelist's art. The cruel ill-treatment of a youth imprisoned in one of our gaols has to be described for the purpose of assisting prison reform. He had a stiff leather collar placed round his neck—it has to be changed into a "high circular saw." He had 4000 turns of the crank—4000 is altered to 8000. He was once wetted with a bucket of water—the novel states that he was wetted perpetually. He was hard worked, but managed nearly always to do his allotted task, and sometimes to exceed it—Mr. Reade states that it was physically impossible for him to complete it. He was certainly ill-used, but he gained in flesh during his imprisonment—in the novel he is transformed into "a small but aged man, shambling in the joints, stiffened by perpetual crucifixion and rheumatism." Many more misrepresentations than these, and much more important, are established by the Reviewer in regard to the conduct of Lieutenant Austin, the Birmingham magistrates, and the Home Office. We have merely selected a few which seem to us instructive in their very absurdity. In fact, most of Mr. Reade's exaggerations can be measured arithmetically. He seems to have reversed the policy of the Unjust Steward in the parable. Wherever he found the number 5, he took his paper, sat down quickly, and wrote 50.

Whoever has fairly correct notions of the uses which facts are collected to subserve—whoever has an inkling of the truth that general propositions are valuable in so far as they cover actual facts, and worthless when they go a hair's-breadth beyond them—may be left to make up his mind as to the propriety of Mr. Reade's method. Unfortunately, long indulgence in a literature which is well described by the *Edinburgh Review* as "at once a stimulant and an anodyne," has so depraved some of the most necessary faculties of the reading public as to render it almost incapable of applying the laws of inference to the generalizations of novelists. We well know the answer which will be made to the *Edinburgh Review*. It is one which, in effect, claims for novel-writers an immunity from sobriety of statement and caution in drawing conclusions. The Reviewer has anticipated it, when he suggests this plea for Mr. Dickens:—"How can you suppose that I mean any harm by such representations as these? I am neither a lawyer nor a politician; but I take a fling at the subjects of the day, just in order to give my writings a little local colour and a little temporary piquancy." We are told, in fact, that the paper which the novelist puts off on us is only a

note of the Bank of Elegance, and that it is our own fault if we are taken in. We reply, however, that whatever be the nature of the counterfeit which the authors of *Little Dorrit* and *It is Never too Late to Mend* attempted to pass, they intended to pocket the change. These gentlemen seriously mean to be listened to as practical teachers; and it is the boast of those who admire their method of instruction, that their romances are more influential than fifty Blue-books. Mr. Dickens's caricature of the Circumlocution Office was originally part of a more comprehensive attack on the administrative system of the country; nor would it have seemed to be isolated if the other part of the campaign had not miscarried so miserably. Just before these chapters of *Little Dorrit* appeared, its author marched down to Drury Lane, with sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of puffatory music, to pull down the golden image which a series of kings had set up. We hold that he was perfectly justified in doing so. If he subjects himself to the ordinary checks which wait upon political discussion, Mr. Dickens has as clear a right to be heard upon politics as anybody else. But when the Association to which he tried to lend assistance went out like a candle-snuff, Mr. Dickens was not entitled to invent in his novel the *data* which his associates had failed to establish on the platform; nor are his friends justified in asking for the romance-writer that immunity from deference to truth which it would have been impudence to demand for the spokesman of the Administrative Reformers. As for Mr. Reade, his assertions of the practical effects which are to follow from his novel are vehement and repeated. He prophesies against the Judges and the Home Office, like a sort of milk-and-water Ezekiel. Here is his reversal of the sentence of the Queen's Bench on Lieutenant Austin:—"It now remains for me, who am a public functionary, but not a hireling, to do the rest of my duty. I revoke that sentence . . . Instead of becoming a precedent for future Judges, it shall be a beacon they shall avoid. No Judge shall dare copy it while I am alive; for if he does, . . . I will buy a sheet of paper as big as a barn-door, and nail him to it by his name, as we nail a polecat by the throat. . . . The civilized races, and I, their temporary representative, revoke that sentence, from the rising to the setting sun, in every land where the English tongue is spoken."

The disdain of their country which the novels of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Reade reveal, is attributable no doubt to the "scavenging" mission of the present age. We have cleared away so many abuses that some of us regard statesmen as created exclusively to ear off muck, and journalists to ferret it out in neglected corners. The holy and beautiful house in which this purification is but a menial office, has been almost forgotten by those whose hands are deep in dirt, and Mr. Dickens bids us pull it down rather than labour at it any longer. Happily, in the eloquent language of the *Reviewer*, "we have not gone far in this miserable path; English life is too active, English spheres of action too wide, English freedom too deeply rooted to be endangered by a set of Bacchans, drunk with green tea, and not protected by pithcoats. In the midst of boundless luxury and insatiable thirst for amusement, we have raised a class of writers who show strong sympathies for all that is most opposite to the very foundations of English life. . . . That they are ignorant of politics and of history is their only excuse. To a mind which has any sympathy with all that is most noble in real, not ideal, human nature, there is something so grand and so touching in that great drama of which the present generation forms a part, that it is hard to speak with patience of those who fail to recognise its existence. The infinite labour which has been expended upon various parts of the social edifice of this country; the vehement discussion which has attended every change in it; the conflicting influences which live of thought and feeling the most radically opposed have exercised over its various members; the calm forbearance which is daily shown in maintaining our innumerable social compromises; the freedom secured to all just criticism; the good temper and good sense which refuse to push principles partially adopted to inconvenient conclusions—unite to invest English society with an historical dignity." We regret, with the *Edinburgh Review*, that there are men living in it for no better purpose than to exaggerate and deride its defects.

LE STYLE C'EST L'HOMME.

WE have more than once called attention to the moral and political results of those piquant descriptions of every occurrence possessing the slightest degree of interest which daily proceed from the pens of that vast crowd of "Own Correspondents," who are amongst the most distinctive and characteristic productions of our own time and country. As the course of events bids fair to enable these gentlemen once more to survey mankind from China to Peru, it may not be out of place to make a few observations on the literary characteristics of a style which has, as the French would say, a mission so imposing. If we were to attempt to describe it in a single word, we should say that its distinctive peculiarity is its impertinence—impertinence not in the sense of impudence, but in its strict derivative meaning of irrelevancy. In the highest, as in the lowest manifestations of Our Own Correspondent—whether he addresses the *Times* or some obscure country newspaper—he is uniformly impressed with the conviction that his duty as a man and a writer is, not to tell a plain story in plain words, but to keep constantly before

your eyes the fact that he is a very sharp fellow indeed, who knows something about everything, who has been behind the scenes in almost every position in life, and who can tell you stories not only *apropos de boute*, but *apropos* of bootjacks, shaving paper, scenery, bills of fare, or anything else in the world. There is no such egotist in the world as a newspaper correspondent. Whether it is a revolution, a battle, an execution, or a review at which his readers are to look through his spectacles, the spectacles and their wearer are always sure of the most honourable mention.

On Wednesday last, for example, the *Times* gave its readers three columns of its Own Correspondent's views about the British Expedition to China. We certainly gather from it some new ideas as to the appearance of Penang and Hong-Kong, but the prevailing impression which the letter leaves on the mind is that the writer is a wonderfully clever man, who never goes anywhere without finding materials for the most brilliant remarks and the most striking anecdotes. The first thing that occurred in the British Expedition to China was that Our Own Correspondent was very seasick. "We are rattled about in our cabin like pills in a pill-box, we groan heavily, and are sad and miserable." Not long afterwards, a flying-fish gives him quite a turn. "One of these poetical creatures flew through my port, and came flop upon me in my sleep; the cold, wriggling, prickly, gasping thing gave me a more horrible fright in the dark than ever I felt in my life." After a time, he gets to Penang, where he sees Chinamen for the first time *in situ*, and is rather disappointed to find that they are as like Chinamen elsewhere as a rat out of a hole is, according to the riddle, like a rat in a hole. "We resent the literal matter-of-fact identity of these Chinamen with the other Chinamen whom we have seen carved in ivory or painted on fans and tea-caddies." There is a curious truthfulness about this little bit of professional smartness. Why is it worth a man's while to correspond, if he does not get more inspiration than he might have had at the Chinese Junk? What is the Expedition but a peg to hang tinsel on? It must, however, be admitted that such weaknesses as these are only incidental in the *Times*. They form the decorations, and not the substance, of the building. The real correspondence—the important part of the story—will be a very different matter indeed, when it comes; but the attitudes and flourishes of the fencer are worth noticing, as they give us valuable hints about the nature of the game which we must expect him to play.

It is in the humbler walks of the art that we shall find the most curious illustrations of the stages through which Our Own Correspondent is strained before he comes out as a star of such magnitude as the gentleman to whom we have just been alluding. A most perfect specimen of the material which is ultimately elaborated into letters to the *Times* is to be found in a late criticism in the *Illustrated London News* on a picture of a little child saying its prayers. "This is a picture of sentiment—no more. Not of the passion of belief or unbelief in which the extremism of the Celtic temperament has so often shown itself. This is neither a Ligue nor a '93, but the tranquil and pure religious sentiment given with the utmost crystal-souled serenity. . . . This is truly sentiment which is the daily bread of the fervent in spirit seeking the Lord." It would be so simple to say it is a pretty picture; but then how would it appear that we had all that knowledge about the "Celtic temperament," the Ligue, and '93?

Perhaps the oddest possible illustration of the strong personality of writers of this class is to be found in an account given in another part of the same number of the same paper, of the Queen's visit to Manchester. "We arrived in Manchester," it appears, "by a later train than her Majesty," and went to the Queen's Hotel, "where we have often been, well and ill, and always well housed, well bedded, well fed, well wined, well attended to, and not overcharged." "We" started out to look at the city, and heard a great noise of hammering, "reminding us of a like noise said to have fallen on the ears of Charles I. on the morning of his execution." Then came sunshine, "such as old Count Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador at the Court of James I., was wont to say he found only twice or so in his life during his long residence in England." What a wonderful store of historical knowledge "we" have. Then, it seems, "we" had "delicately cooked cutlets" for breakfast, at the Queen's, and then we got into the building and saw the Queen herself. There is something curiously vulgar in the remarks which "we" made on her. Imagine any man deliberately describing a lady's appearance and the expression of her face thus, and thinking it witty:—

Men who have pretty wives, and occasionally neglect them, remarked to one another that her Majesty looked a little out of humour at the first; but even these find-faulting men were the first to admit that her Majesty soon recovered her intelligent smile and pleasant look—in short, that she looked as pleasant as ever. It occurred to us that, if her Majesty at the first did not look so well pleased as we have seen her (on occasions of less national importance), the cloud supposed to have crossed was owing to an innate benevolence of heart which made her Majesty think (almost audibly) "how many thousands of my subjects, relying on my monopoly of fine weather, have had their clothes spoiled by their loyalty (which I love) on this drenching day."

Soon after we are favoured with a report of the conduct of her Majesty's children, who "it was easy to see, as the police observed on the occasion," &c. &c. Further on comes a description of "the words that must have passed the lips" of one of the maids of honour—who is considerably mentioned by name—on

seeing a portrait of one of her ancestors. That lady's friends will be pleased to hear that "we" suppose that she said, "Pretty, but what a frightful dress!" which gives us an opportunity of telling a story about Swift and Queen Anne.

We do not wish to speak disrespectfully or unkindly of a very useful, and in many ways very able, class of men; but why cannot reporters be brought to understand that the silly tinsel and flippancy with which they ornament their productions is in reality a great disfigurement. There is a great want of personal dignity in telling all the world what you had for breakfast, or how you slept on particular occasions; and it is better, on the whole, to leave people to infer from your style that you are a man of taste and education, than to set yourself deliberately to prove it by telling stories about Charles I., Dean Swift, and Gondomar. It might also be as well to remember that gentlemen ought not to write and print remarks about ladies faces, or what they "must be supposed to have said," for which they would most assuredly have been kicked if they had spoken them.

MODERN FOREIGN MASTERS AT MANCHESTER.

AMONG the paintings by modern masters collected in the Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester, there are specimens of some twenty or thirty foreign artists—French, German, Italian, and Spanish—who seem to deserve a separate notice. For to most Englishmen the present state of contemporaneous painting, even among the leading nations of the Continent, is altogether unknown; and many of those who have made some acquaintance, by means of engravings, with the modern artists of Rome or Munich, Düsseldorf or Paris, have never enjoyed the opportunity of studying, in their actual works, the styles and characteristics of those famous schools. We do not mean to say that the modern foreign pictures at Manchester are either numerous enough or well enough selected to enable any one to form a correct relative estimate of the Continental schools; for it is evident that the Commissioners of the Exhibition had but few opportunities of choice among English collections, and that it did not form a distinct part of their scheme to illustrate systematically this department of art. Still there is something to be learnt from the few examples here assembled; and we have great reason to be glad that Overbeck and Ary Scheffer, Rosa Bonheur, and Delaroche, are not wholly unrepresented in this congress of modern artists. The lately instituted Annual Exhibitions in London of French and German paintings are a hopeful sign of widened sympathies among English connoisseurs in matters of art, and we hope to see these international relations become more frequent and more reciprocal. We observe with satisfaction the announcement that an exhibition of English paintings is about to be opened at New York under the management of Mr. Madox Brown, and we trust that the experiment will be successful. Art ought to be as catholic as science; and there is no nation that may not learn a useful lesson from the observation of the defects or merits of contemporaneous schools. Those who remember with what intelligent interest the gallery of British paintings in the Palais des Beaux Arts was examined by the Parisian public of 1855, may reasonably wonder that an annual exhibition has not been attempted in that capital. It is surely also to be hoped that our National Collection may before long expand in a new direction by the acquisition of some specimens of modern foreign painting. We cannot discover a single English picture in the Catalogue of the Louvre. That great gallery can show neither a Gainsborough nor a Reynolds. Why should we not be foremost, both in courtesy and commonsense, in enriching our English Gallery with some masterpieces of the modern painters of France?

The modern foreign pictures at Manchester are collected together in the Clock Gallery; but the catalogue is wholly silent as to the dates or the nationalities of the painters, so that it is probable we may be occasionally wrong in drawing our own conclusions from the styles and names that come under our notice. We scarcely know why Pompeo Battoni and Mignard are ranked among modern masters at all. Of the former, who was born in 1702, or 1708, and who was the sole rival of his contemporary, Raffaello Mengs, we find a characteristic portrait of Sir Richard Lyttelton (615); and of the latter, who died at the close of the seventeenth century, there is a portrait of Madame de Montespan (628), lent by the Duke of Richmond. The specimen of Meissonnier, "A Studio" (651), is an example of Dutch-like exactness of detail; but those of Brackeler, "The Young Marauder" (649)—of Tidemand (670)—and of Fichel (640), are without value or interest. "Madame de Pompadour" (653), by Boucher, illustrates the insipid style of that once celebrated, but now almost forgotten, painter. In the "Market Scene by Candlelight" (671), by Van Schendel, we find some endeavour to recall the past glories of the late Flemish school; and two pictures by Verboekhoven (657 and 673), representing sheep and goats, are, in like manner, spirited imitations of the old animal painting of the artist's native country. We cannot say much in praise of the "Jan Steen taking down his Sign" (654), by Regemorter—another Flemish resuscitation. The picture by De Keyser, contributed by the King of the Belgians, and representing the "Queen of Hungary distributing Alms" (678), seems to us alike feeble and pretentious. Hottenroth's "Temples at Pestum" (656) is a painstaking and meritorious landscape; and

there is character in "The Duet" (650), by Pissar, and in the "Venice" (660) by Ziem—a work which shows to some degree a decided imitation of Turner's manner. Again, Rudolf Jordan's picture, "Looking for the Fisherman's Return" (675), is not without considerable merit in its feeling and sentiment. Less remarkable, but still interesting of their sort, are C. Troyon's "Landing Fish" (639), and "Cattle Piece" (664). Two pictures by V. Chavet—"The Losing Game" (641), and "The Connoisseur" (648), do not greatly take our fancy, though by no means without power and expression. A. Calame is, we presume, a Swiss artist. His name is attached to two views of "Swiss Scenery" (667 and 670), which will repay examination. A "Boar Hunt" (684), by Vallati, if it be the sole representative of the indigenous art of modern Italy, is not a favourable specimen. It is greatly inferior to the truthful and spirited "Cattle Piece" (666), belonging to Mr. Fallows, which bears the name of Rosa Bonheur. Mr. Pillington has contributed to the Exhibition a "Mountainous Landscape, with Cattle" (652), a work of no great merit by Auguste Bonheur.

Modern Spanish art is represented here by an extremely disappointing picture by Esquivel, representing the "Martyrdom of the Patron Saints of Seville" (634), the property of Lord Fielding. This work is washy in execution, and mean in colour and design; and there is not a spark of elevated feeling in the conception of the subject. The two girls, Saints Justa and Rufina, are sitting in ungraceful attitudes, weeping pitifully, and showing on their shoulders, with unpleasant naturalistic fidelity, the livid marks of the *angulae* of the torturers. How infinitely preferable to this sickly sentiment is the vigorous portraiture of one of these saintly virgins which we have already noticed as a masterpiece of Zurbaran. Goya, the last Spanish painter of the old succession, might have furnished a most interesting work to the Manchester Collection, had the Duke of Wellington spared from Strathfieldsay that artist's colossal picture of the Great Duke on horseback, in the uniform of a Captain-general of Spain.

The refined religious schools of modern Germany are but imperfectly represented, although Mr. Beresford Hope's fine picture of the "Incredulity of St. Thomas" (674), by Overbeck himself, is a worthy specimen of their greatest artist. The calm dignity and earnest pathos of this composition are thoroughly characteristic of that enthusiastic religious painter; and there is wondrous beauty in the statuesque simplicity of the group, the serenity of the Italian sky and background, and the purity and devotional sentiment of the whole design. The best figure by far is that of the kneeling apostle, whose hand is tenderly guided by our Lord to the scars which were to convict him of his unbelief. The expression of his rapturous, but still chastened faith is well-nigh perfect. The type selected for our Lord's figure, though noble and dignified, seems scarcely to express adequately that intellectual pre-eminence which should accompany the moral and physical perfection here so ably indicated; and the accompanying apostles, St. Peter and St. John, might, perhaps, be accused of affectation and commonplace. But the picture, as a whole, is of rare excellence, and one of the greatest ornaments of the Exhibition. Intended originally for an altarpiece, this large painting should not be judged of except at a proper height and distance from the eye. Its tone would probably have been deeper had it been meant for a cabinet picture; but, for the decoration of an architectural reredos, nothing can be better than the simplicity of design and the luminous distinctness of expression which characterize this fine work. We regret that no specimens of such other German painters as Cornelius, or Steinle, or Führich have found their way to Manchester. And the single picture bearing the name of Hess, scarcely does justice to its author. This is Mr. H. F. Howard's "Christ Blessing Little Children" (681), a somewhat severe and cold composition, with a heavy gilt background, and the grouping stiff and mannered; but it is conscientiously painted, and shows both thought and reverent feeling. We come now to two artists, whom we take to be younger, and far less able, representatives of the same school of revived Christian art. There is not much to admire in Seitz's "Deliverance of St. Peter" (677), contributed by Lord Overstone; and his "Portrait of Pio Nono" (685), the property of Miss Orrell, is unskillful in expression and displeasing in colouring. To the same lady belong two pictures by Rohden—an artist quite unknown to us, but who, for his graceful, but somewhat feeble, sentimentality, may be classed with our English painter Dobson. Rohden's "Virgin and Child" (679)—the group floating on light clouds—is a pretty and attractive vision, unexceptionable in its iconography, but decidedly commonplace and wanting in vigour. So, too, with his other work, the "Holy Family" (682)—a painting both religious in its sentiment and far from contemptible in execution. One longs for something more manly and robust than this facile mannerism into which the religious school of Germany seems already to have fallen.

We have reserved for the last a group of distinguished French artists. Granet is a celebrity of the last generation; but how powerful he was in his specialty of interiors, may be judged by his most remarkable work from the Queen's Collection, "Franciscans at Service" (635). Nothing can be meaner than the shabby, conventicle-like choir in which the brown-frocked brethren are saying their office; but the interest of the picture is intense, from its almost photographic delineation of the varied business, and even "humours," of the scene; and the effect of

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the light is as ably given as it is unusual. We would not willingly spare from the Manchester Collection the two characteristic views of French seaports (637 and 638) by Joseph Vernet; and still less three able works by the yet more celebrated grandson of this painter, Horace Vernet. "A Scene in the Siege of Rome" (655), by the latter, will, however, give but a small notion of his vigorous battle-scenes, such as those which covered almost acres of canvas in his *salon* at the Paris Exposition. His other picture in this part of the Palace is of quite a different sort—a portrait of the well-known Roman model, Vittoria di Albano (672). The handsome, but somewhat heavy-browed and unspiritual, peasant-woman in her most picturesque of costumes, is rendered to the life. Another noble picture by Horace Vernet, a "Camp Scene" (44), is an ornament of the Hertford Collection in Saloon B. This is a thoroughly living and moving episode of an Algerian campaign, glowing with every necessary concomitant of the country and climate. In the same Hertford Saloon occurs also the best specimen of Paul Delaroche that is to be seen at Manchester, his "Mother and Child" (40). This is a very beautiful idealization of a human mother with her infant—wholly naturalistic, indeed, but so touching and pure in its feeling, that it scarcely needs the conventional nimbus to transform it into a formal Holy Family. The two other works of Delaroche are of very different kind. The first is the Duke of Portland's noble portrait of "Napoleon at Fontainebleau" (642)—the grandest presentation that art has yet given of that intellectual head, weighed down with the cares of empire, and so calmly proud and self-sustained, even amidst the warnings of impending ruin. The other, "Napoleon crossing the Alps" (659), is less imposing, though free from exaggeration and from stage effect. Finally, the works of Ary Scheffer, the greatest of living French Artists, remain to be noticed. Nearly all his paintings are well-known by engravings; but it is a piece of rare good fortune to be able to make acquaintance at one time with so many of his originals. First in order is his "Francesca da Rimini" (643), a very small painting, but intense in its expression, and delineating the pathos of that famous story more tenderly and more purely than has been done by any other artist. Next come his four scenes from the "Faust" (644), less successful, indeed, we think, than his illustration of the great Italian poem, but still exquisitely imagined, and most ably carried out. Of a still higher order is his "St. Augustine and St. Monica" (661), the property of Mr. Holland. The ardent, loving faith of the mother, intensified by her consciousness of its reward, is here most marvellously depicted; and her son, at her side, following his mother's heavenward gaze in rapt contemplation, strikes us as being a most happy, and almost an adequate, idealization of that intellectual giant, the greatest doctor of the Latin Church. This is a picture never to be forgotten by such as have seen it. The next, "Christ weeping over Jerusalem" (665), is far less striking, for, though pure in design, it does not escape the charge of a certain academic insipidity. And the "Magdalen" (668) may perhaps be accused of exaggeration, though the impassioned air of the worn penitent is something vastly superior to the rapid prettinesses of the conventional Magdalenes—"before their conversion"—with which so-called religious art has made us familiar. In his "Christ teaching Humility" (680), we have a thought of great power most grandly embodied; and the type of the Redeemer here is a rare but most successful expression of the union of immeasurable power with ineffable benignity. Lastly, we must commend with all our hearts the noble "Dante and Beatrice" (662). The poet of the *Divina Commedia* has never, perhaps, been more worthily imagined than in this picture; his features, as yet in their full grandeur of beauty, while he gazes wistfully, with earnest and melancholy yearning, on the lovely vision of his sainted mistress. The Beatrice is less happily expressed, and her type is scarcely that of a Florentine lady. This picture is one of fascinating interest. These fine works make us more than ever anxious for increased opportunities of studying the style of so powerful and original an artist; and we cannot help expressing some chagrin that our rising English painters, possessing as they do such mastery of design, and colour, and manipulation, have not yet rivalled the two great foreign schools of religious art. It can scarcely be said to be for want of encouragement; for there is a growing demand among us for sacred subjects, and the popular verdict in favour of Scheffer and Overbeck is, so far as we can judge, unanimous at Manchester.

VICTIMS. By Tom Taylor.

M R. TOM TAYLOR has written an original and very clever comedy, in three acts, which was produced at the Haymarket last week. The plot turns on the contrast between the fancied and the real victims of society. There is a fancied victim—a rich lady, with nerves and beautiful feelings and sighs, who is assured by a sentimental poet that her husband, a plain, honest stockbroker, is utterly unworthy of a creature so gifted and refined. There is also a real victim—the young wife of this poet, who is made to stay in humble lodgings, nursing her baby, and fighting with the landlady, while her husband is out enjoying himself. The first act shows us the fancied, the second shows us the real victim; and, in the third, they are brought together, and the real victim happily converts the fancied, and restores her to common sense and to her husband.

Mr. Farren as the poet, and Miss Reynolds as the fine lady, were both excellent, and the construction of the piece gave ample space for the exhibition of their powers. In drawing Herbert Fitzherbert, the object of the dramatist is to show the extreme selfishness that is often the mainspring of such a career; as that run by a minor literary lion. Fitzherbert makes violent love to Mrs. Merryweather, the "misunderstood" lady of the stockbroker, but he has no scruple in accepting from her a bank-note, which he is acknowledging with thanks, on his knees, when the husband suddenly comes in. The poet makes his escape and goes home, where his adoring wife waits humbly on him, and gets scolded for everything she does. The great lady comes to his lodgings, not knowing that he lives there, and engages his wife, who bears an assumed name, to attend as a pianist at an evening party. To the party comes Fitzherbert; and the lady begins to recount that she has found a portion of virtue, a poor wife neglected by a selfish husband, and striving by the hardest and most repulsive labour to support him and her child. All the company cry shame, and Fitzherbert cries shame louder than any one. At last Mrs. Merryweather offers to fetch the person of whom she is speaking, and who happens to be in the house, prepared to play, if wanted, on the piano. In comes Fitzherbert's wife, and then his heartlessness is revealed to the lady who had so nearly fallen in love with him. She gets rid of her illusion, and at the same time accidentally hears that her husband has, on one occasion, behaved in the most delicate and honourable manner. So they make up matters, and Fitzherbert and his wife do the same.

There is a very laughable and entertaining by-plot, in which Mr. Buckstone at once offers attentions to the poet's wife, whom he takes to be what he calls an "undulating milliner," and also keeps up his engagement with a rich but strong-minded lady. The farce is rather broad, but it is irresistibly funny. We cannot say as much for a group of representative characters who haunt the house of Mrs. Merryweather—such as Mr. Hornblower, the editor of the *Weekly Beacon*, Mr. Curdle, a Scotch economist, and Mr. Middlemist, a metaphysician. There is necessarily something forced and heavy in such caricatures. Fortunately, we have not much of them, and they may even be considered an acceptable variation from the usual frequenters of stage *sorées*, who preserve a dismal silence. Throughout the play the dialogue is neatly turned, and it is often sparkling and powerful. On the whole, the piece is a decided success.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

DONIZETTI'S *L'Elisir d'Amore* was produced last Saturday, and repeated on Tuesday evening. Madile Piccolomini's Adina is just what might have been expected from her—vivacious, arch, coquettish. Perhaps, however, the more lovable side of the young maiden's character was too much lost sight of in the first act. The malicious pleasure manifested in plaguing the unhappy Nemorino looked like downright serious earnest. With regard to the music, it requires, perhaps, a more perfect organ than Madile Piccolomini possesses to do it justice. Not that it is of the most difficult kind, or calls for extraordinary exertion; but its elegance and simplicity demand a beautiful quality of voice to give it effect. Signor Belart, the new tenor, has been rising in estimation since his *début* in *La Sonnambula*, in which he did not at first produce a very favourable impression. He has since proved that his voice, when properly managed, possesses great sweetness, and that winning persuasive quality which is one of the best gifts of a singer. His Nemorino is a complete success; and that plaintive swain has probably never been better impersonated. The well-known "Una furtiva lagrima," an air peculiarly suitable to Signor Belart's voice, was encored. Of Signor Roisi's Dulcamara we may say that it was a painstaking performance. Every point was attended to, but this gentleman seemed to have little of that natural and spontaneous comicality which renders a character like this irresistibly droll. There was none of that exuberant fun which we used to enjoy so much in Signor Lablache's Dulcamara. Finally, we have seen Signor Belletti make more of the character of the vain-glorious Belcore than he did on the present occasion.

Between the acts a short divertissement was introduced, in which Madile Maria Taglioni made her appearance. This young lady exhibits an almost incredible pliability of limb. She bounds across the stage much more like an image of india-rubber than a human being.

Saturday is announced as the last night of the season, after which a series of farewell performances, at reduced prices, will take place, in the course of which two operas not before played this year, namely, *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Cenerentola* will be introduced.

VOCAL UNION. Under the name of the Vocal Union, a small society of singers has been constituted for the purpose of performing English glees and madrigals—a class of music which was once more popular than it is now, but deserves to be saved from extinction. At one of these performances, which took place on Wednesday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, the singers were Miss Marian Moore and Messrs. Foster, Wilby Cooper, Montem Smith, Winn, and Thomas, who performed a variety of glees by

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Calcott, Bishop, Lord Mornington, Walmisley, Goss, and others. A glee for four voices composed for the society by Mr. Henry Smart, and one by Mr. Montem Smith, both works of merit, were received with considerable applause. With regard to the manner of performance we have a word to say to the ladies and gentlemen of the Vocal Union—Learn the words of the pieces you sing correctly. Not to do so is an unpardonable piece of slovenliness.

Mr. J. L. Hatton played on the pianoforte between the parts, a prelude and fugue of his own composition, which proved that this venerable species of writing, though much snubbed and flouted of late, is not yet extinct.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THOSE who are acquainted with the writings of Hackländer will hardly require to be told of his *Augenblick des Glücks*, a second edition of which is already in our hands. To all others it may safely be recommended as a pleasant novel, made none the worse by the goodness of its moral, which is, that sooner or later, there comes in every life a lucky moment, which may, if well used, be the commencement of prosperity.

Sketches of Travel from the Delta of the Vistula take us to a country which, as it lies on none of the great highways of Europe, is not nearly so well known as many less remarkable regions. The book is divided into four parts. The first tells of Dirschau, which boasts of a railway-bridge, claiming to take rank with the great works of our own country. The second is devoted to Danzig, the Venice of the North. The third describes the agricultural districts of the Weichsel-delta, which are, like so many parts of Holland, defended from the incursions of the river by an elaborate system of dykes. The last is an account of Marienburg, the Valletta of the Teutonic Knights. Those to whom the name of this castle is new may be referred to Eichendorff's *Wiederherstellung des Schlosses der Deutschen Ritter*. M. Passarge's book, although sufficiently readable, dwells too much on little things, and will have few charms for home-keeping readers. In the country of which it treats it might be useful.

The *Flight of the Stag* is a translation from the Danish. The original poem passed through three editions in a year, and was greeted by Andersen with the following song of joyous welcome:

Er schnitt in das Hels—und es duftet
Wie Wiese und Buchenwald; es leisezt uns
Endlichkeit—und es ist
Ein dänisch Lied uns erschallt. P. Leichterleben
Das ist wie die frische Rose,
Das ist wie die reife Frucht,
So reich, so gesund und so lieblich
Erion's in melodischer Flucht.

The first line of this quotation, it may be necessary to observe, relates to a work previously published by the author of the *Flight of the Stag*, to which he gave the name of *Woodens*. In the first of the series of short ballad-like cantos, of which the book before us consists, a youth is bound to a stag after the manner of Mazeppa. The second, however, sees him an assistant in a mill, and the whole tone of the poem is as unlike the fierce spirit of Byron as can be well imagined.

Encouraged by a letter from Alexander von Humboldt, M. Zuchold, who some time ago translated from English into German Dr. Leichhardt's *Australian Journal*, has now published a sketch of the life of that illustrious explorer, with notices of his second journey taken from contributions to the *Argus* of Melbourne, by a botanist who accompanied him. A brother-in-law of Dr. Leichhardt intends to publish, or possibly has already published, fuller details about his history. A favourite quotation of Dr. Leichhardt's, only too appropriate to himself, runs as follows:

Die Götter brauchen manchen guten Mann
Zu ihrem Dienst auf dieser warten Erde.

As it is within the limits of possibility that some of our readers may take an interest in the subject, we may record the publication at Munich of a work upon the *Runes*, connecting them with the Greek alphabet.

Dr. Eschricht, professor of physiology at the university of

Halle, has published a second edition of his *Augenblick des Glückes*. Von F. W. Hackländer. Zweiter Abdruck. Stuttgart: Krämer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Das dem Weichseldelta*. Reisekizzen von Louis Passarge. Mit einer Karte. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Des Hirsches Flucht*. Aus dem Dänischen des Christian Winther. Von Ryno Quell. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

§ Dr. Ludwig Leichhardt. Eine biographische Skizze. Nebst einem Bericht über dessen zweite Reise im Innern des Austral-Continents nach dem Tagebuch eines Begleiters. Von Böhlker. Berlin: Bünzow von Ernest Amandus Zuchold. Mit Leichhardt's Portrait in Stahlstich. Leipzig: Selbstverlag des Herausseurs. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

|| *Der Germanische Runen-Fudark*. Von Franz Joseph Lauth, Professor am Kgl. Wilhelms-Gymnasium zu München. München: Eigentum des Verfassers. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¶ *Understand and speak English*. Vier populäre Vorlesungen über Caspar Hauser. Von Dr. Daniel Friedrich Eschricht. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

Copenhagen, lately delivered to a mixed audience a series of four lectures upon Caspar Hauser. He appears to have read the whole body of literature relating to that strange being, and to have formed his conclusions, unbiased by any of the absurd enthusiasm which created into a hero one who was only half a man.

This clever people who saw through the mystery of Caspar Hauser which deceived so many were quite right. He died a liar and a deceiver, slain by his own hand. But if the glance of these clever people had penetrated a little deeper, they would have found in the liar and deceiver the soul of a child, which, early deserted by its mother, was cast by its foster-father on the wide world, where instead of finding persons to fit it to the very simple position which nature pointed out, it fell into the hands of unfeigned and unfeeling men, of foolish professors, and eccentric persons of all ranks.

Dr. Eschricht's attention was turned to this forgotten subject by a visit to the Asylum for Idiots at Berlin. What he saw there led him to reflect upon the proper method of educating these unfortunate, and from such reflections he passed to examining the history of the altogether mis-educated half-idiot, who so long formed the subject of high debate to the great Germanic interest throughout Europe.

We receive from Stuttgart the first volume of the second edition of a gigantic labour—*Principles of Political Economy*, by W. Roscher, of Leipzig. In the volume before us the author deals with general ideas, discussing such subjects as property, money, population. In the preface to the first edition, which is republished at the commencement of this one, he informs us that he proposes to treat, in the second volume, of the political economy of agriculture, and of raw produce generally; in the third, of trade and manufactures; and in the fourth, of finance. We have not seen the three last volumes, but we observe that they are so distinct as to be sold separately. The first volume is a work of immense research, and will be very useful to public men, as its vast mass of references will enable them to follow up any detached portion of its subject with which they may be immediately concerned.

The *Pictorial Treasury of the Dresden Gallery* is a curious book, and will be to many an acceptable present. It contains in narrow compass, sketches of most of the masterpieces of the great Saxon collection. To each picture is appended a sonnet, the work of Julius Hübner, himself a painter, and we presume the person to whom we owe the conception of the work. In one or two instances, the taste which has been displayed in the selection of pictures is more than questionable, and the poems are of no great value; but it is pleasant to have in a portable shape the means of refreshing our recollections of old friends. Some of the pictures are admirably given—amongst them, the "Three Daughters of Palma Vecchio," the "Christo della Moneta," and the "Magdalene of Correggio." A very beautiful figure of that master, with the legend "Auch io son Pittore," is contributed to the volume by Mr. Hübner himself.

Another illustrated book which will have a large circle of admirers is an edition of *Reineke the Fox*; in which the sketches of Kaulbach are reproduced by the careful hand of Schnorr. We have Reineke's whole history, from the day when the community of beasts came to accuse him before the king, to his final triumph over the wolf, and his old age of respectable rascality. Many of the illustrations are infinitely humorous, as, for example, the Lion-king on his throne, with the motto—

Give me your power, and leave me my tail.
And leave me my tail, and let me have my power.

The cowering little hare, which holds up in its fore-paws the end of the monarch's tail, and Reineke in the bosom of his vicious family, are quite charming.

A small pamphlet on the Egyptian antiquities at Berlin may help some visitor to that aesthetic city to pass pleasant hours or two. Another contribution to old African literature has just come to us in a monograph on Ptolemy's views about the geography of Central Africa in general, and its caravan routes in particular.

A different class of specialists will be glad to hear of a Provençal poem by Bertran de Marselha, an all but unknown author, who sings of the life of S. Edmund, an ill but fabulously saint.

On the 18th of June, a day destined to be so memorable in the records of several nations, was fought the great battle of Koln, in which Frederick of Prussia was defeated by the Imperial commander Daun. The centenary festival of that victory fell within a few days of the hundredth anniversary of Plassey, to which attention was lately called in our columns. A work

* Die *Grundlagen der Nationalökonomie*. Ein Hand- und Losebuch für Geschäftsmänner und Studirende von Wilhelm Roscher. Zweite vermehrte und verbesserte Auflage. Stuttgart und Augsburg: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Bilder-Breiter des Dresden Galerien* von Julius Hübner. Dresden: Kunkels. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Reineke Fuchs*. Von Wolfgang Goethe. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

§ *Die geographischen Alterthümer in Berlin*. Von Heinrich Bruns. Berlin: Allgemeine Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

|| *Ptolemaeus und die Handelsstrasse im Centrum Africæ* in Bezug zur Erklärung der Altesten, uns erhaltener Weltkarte von Albrecht Berthold. Gotha: Justus Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¶ *Le Poëme de Saint Edmund*. Von Bertran de Marselha. In Provencalischer Sprache zum Ersten Male Vollständig Herausgegeben von Charles Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

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has just appeared in Vienna, describing the battle of Kolin, and giving an account of Marshal Daun.* The author is an officer who was stationed for two years at Kolin, and who while there collected from the mouths of the peasantry all the traditions relating to the battle which he could hear of. Many original documents and some Bohemian ballads of the day are added. The book is a product of that intense *esprit de corps* which is so characteristic of the Austrian army; and however little to the taste of the ordinary student of history, would probably be valuable to any one who was occupied with the times of Maria Theresa.

The fifth volume of Alfred von Reumont's *Contributions to Italian History*,† to some portions of which we may have occasion hereafter to draw the attention of our readers, treats, amongst other things, of many of the great Italian houses, as of the Colonna, the Barberini, and the Borghese. The author brings down his family chronicles to our own day. We find for example, in the case of the Borghese, a notice of the ruin worked by the Mazinians in the beautiful Borghese villa without the walls of Rome, during the last revolution. The sixth volume is chiefly occupied with the lives of artists, some of old times, and others only recently deceased. The biographies of the latter will interest many, and more particularly those who have peeped into the *demi-monde* of the Café Greco. Amongst the former we find the short but sunny life of Irene di Spilimbergo, in striking contrast with the desolate end of Properzia de' Rossi. That gifted woman died amidst the festive tumult of the coronation of Charles V. Her unhappy passion for a man who was above her in social position forms the subject of a poem by Mrs. Hemans. Some of our readers will recollect these lines:—

Where'er I move
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around. Too well they know
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight has settled!—but I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
The inward burning of those words—"in vain."
Sown'd on the heart—I go. "Twill soon be past,
Sunshine, and song, and bright Italian heaven.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, THE REPUBLIC, AND THE EMPIRE.‡

THOSE who are acquainted with M. de Cassagnac's efforts as a journalist may not improbably do injustice to his pretensions as an historian. The latter part of his present work is a party pamphlet written in vindication of acts, and in support of a cause, with which Englishmen can have little sympathy. The choice between Monarchy and Parliamentary Government is not, however, an open question. That the French have not the courage, the moderation, and the loyalty which are the conditions of freedom, is a proposition which may possibly be true; but the Imperial system is at the best a melancholy necessity. M. de Cassagnac scarcely affects to claim for his hero or for his cause the willing acquiescence of the more intelligent classes. On all occasions he boasts, with a suspicious ostentation of confidence, of the six or eight millions who voted for the Constitution of 1848, and for the Empire—appealing to the peasantry as the sinews of France, the simple and straightforward patriots, who are deaf to the suggestions of theorists, and remote from the dangerous influences of the metropolis.

There is an obvious fallacy in the assumed dilemma between government by the uncorrupted inhabitants of the departments and tyranny exercised by the revolutionary rabble of Paris. In free and well-constituted States, power resides neither in the mob nor in the peasantry. The wealthy and educated at the seat of government are the natural representatives of the nation, which, in its various sections and subdivisions, acknowledges them as its local leaders. The suppression of liberty in France may probably be attributed to the absence of a sympathetic connexion between the Parliamentary chiefs and the bulk of the population; but it is a grievous error to suppose that when want of discipline leads to a defeat, the officers of the discomfited army are the only sufferers. Coarse natures may triumph in the disappointment and failure of the orators and statesmen of the French Constitutional Monarchy; but the country at large, including the mass of voters who support the Empire, suffers the real and permanent loss. The first nation on the Continent offers a melancholy spectacle, when it is content to look for greatness and prosperity to the sagacity and benevolence of an individual.

The earlier and better half of M. de Cassagnac's book suggests a doubt whether the author really admires the system which he comes forward to advocate. Instead of repeating the canting accusation of corruption against the Government of Louis Philippe, he appears sincerely to regret the scandalous catastrophe of February, 1848. The King is always mentioned with respect, and M. Guizot is warmly praised as the firmest supporter of the Orleans dynasty. The factious activity of M. Thiers, and

* Erinnerungen an die Schlacht von Kolin und die damalige Zeit. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† Beiträge zur Italienischen Geschichte. Von Alfred von Reumont. Fünfter und sechster Band. Berlin: Dekker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ Histoire de la Chute du Roi Louis Philippe, de la République de 1848, et du Rétablissement de l'Empire. Par M. A. Granier de Cassagnac. Paris: 1857.

the imbecility of M. Odillon Barrot, are deservedly stigmatized as principal causes of the misfortune which put an end to liberty in France. This comparative estimate of the principal Parliamentary statesmen appears the more remarkable, when it is remembered that the Emperor himself, a few months since, in his address to the Senate and Legislative body, introduced a complimentary reference to M. Thiers, which was generally understood to imply a censure on M. Guizot. The Minister of Louis Philippe probably erred in postponing his intention of increasing the number of electors; but his mistake was venial in comparison with the selfish blunders committed by the dynastic Opposition in 1847. The revolutionists with whom Odillon Barrot acted could scarcely conceal their astonishment, when they found their own agitation encouraged by the professed supporters of the Constitution and of order.

M. de Cassagnac's narrative of the fall of the Monarchy, if not dispassionate, is spirited, just, and accurate. The gravest historian may fairly assume the tone of a satirist, when he depicts that confidence in their own popularity which induced Thiers and Barrot to recall the orders already issued to Marshal Bugeaud for the military defence of Paris. The contemporary *Memoirs* and *Apologies*, contradictory as they are in their details, concur in describing the helpless confusion which prevailed at the Tuilleries, and the astonishment of the half-frightened conspirators on finding that princes and statesmen had anticipated them in giving up the struggle. On that unhappy day the Duchess of Orleans alone seems to have displayed the firmness which might have become a man; but it is fair to admit that M. Guizot is exempt from the responsibility of the disgraceful transactions which followed upon his dismissal from office.

A still profounder contempt is excited by the adventurers and amateurs who were thrown to the surface of affairs by the unexpected convulsion of February. M. de Cassagnac treats with merited disrespect the strange assembly of individuals who thrust themselves into office under the name of the Provisional Government; but it is only from their own boastings and unintentional confessions that the student of history can appreciate the demerits of charlatans such as Louis Blanc, and of inspired coxcombs like Lamartine. The eminently unveracious histories of their own exploits, published by the various heroes of the Republic, present a picture of the Provisional Government more true and striking than that which might be derived from the most literal record of its proceedings. Louis Blanc's fantastic lectures at the Luxembourg are worthy to take their place side by side with the eloquent Jacobinical proclamations which Madame Dudevant composed for Ledru Rollin; but the demagogue leader at that time repudiated the socialist doctrines of his colleague, and Lamartine, who was at least a gentleman and a man of genius, utterly distrusted both. The confidence, however, which a society in despair reposed in the only respectable member of the Government was utterly thrown away. After the meeting of the Constituent Assembly, Lamartine had not sufficient courage and honesty to break with the Red Republicans. Within a week from his recommendation of Ledru Rollin as his colleague in the Executive, the vast popularity which he had acquired through misconception of his character had collapsed and disappeared for ever.

M. de Cassagnac judiciously passes, with little comment, over the acquiescence of France in the Republic. The unanimous approval of the Revolution on the part of the uncorrupted peasantry seems to diminish the value of their subsequent suffrages in favour of the President and of the Emperor. It is scarcely conformable with the facts to represent the votes which were afterwards given to Louis Napoleon as the just revenge of the departments for the surprise imposed upon them by Paris. The proclamation of the Republic took place throughout France without opposition or protest, and two months afterwards, when the Assembly was elected, the country only wished to signify disapprobation of the Provisional Government. The Bonapartist movement was an afterthought, although it found itself in harmony with the prejudices which were perhaps most deeply rooted among the ignorant part of the population.

Thus far M. de Cassagnac writes in the spirit of an historian; but from the moment at which his patron appears upon the stage, he combines the functions of the advocate with the duty of the narrator. Yet it is not necessary to deviate widely from the truth in delineating the helplessness of the Assembly, and the absurdity of the Constitution which it framed. The situation of the ablest and most honest politicians was one of singular difficulty. The Republicans were a minority both in the Legislature and among the intelligent community; and the moderate portion of the party formed an insignificant fraction of the Assembly. Nevertheless, M. Thiers was exonerable in declaring that the Republic was, for the moment, the form of Government which less than any other divided the friends of order. No other system would have enabled him to co-operate at once with Cavaignac, with Berryer, with Dupin, Montalembert, De Tocqueville, and Léon Faucher. The problem of maintaining liberty against both anarchy and despotism was difficult, and the statesmen of France failed at last to solve it; but M. de Cassagnac has no reason for triumph when he points out the false position of a Republic defended by the supporters of Constitutional Monarchy. The solution of a tyranny—in the Greek sense of the word—supported, like Greek tyrannies of old, by the army

and the multitude, was very vulgar and obvious. The efforts of the Parliamentary party to escape from the issue to which the Republic was tending, go far to redeem the caprice and short-sighted petulance which they had displayed under the beneficent authority of Louis Philippe.

The difficulties of the task were alarming, and, as the event proved, insuperable, except in the unattainable condition of a hearty and disinterested patriotism on the part of the President. In striving to maintain liberty under the Republic, after throwing it away with the Constitutional Monarchy, France was adding one more illustration to the legend of the Sibylline books. On one side was Ledru Rollin, now reconciled to the Socialists—on the other was the crafty heir of Napoleon, with his ill-concealed aspirations for power. The elections of 1849 gave a majority to the party of Order; but the Red Republic counted from two to three hundred votes, and Paris made a scandalous return of Communist quacks mixed up with one or two mutinous non-commissioned officers. The noisiest friends of freedom were doing their utmost to render it impossible. Even moderate men relied on the army for support against anarchy, and forgot that the sword which Changarnier held over the heads of the revolutionists might be seized at any moment, without violation of law, by the resolute chief of the State. Every alarm and every cause of alarm strengthened the position of the President, while it deprived the constitutional leaders of sympathy and of support.

M. de Cassagnac represents Louis Napoleon as anxious to act in concert with the statesmen, who are nevertheless represented by the same authority as hopelessly unstable and perverse. When a political combination fails, it seems reasonable to attribute the disappointment to the party who had least to gain in the proposed negotiation. The Parliamentary leaders could do nothing without the aid of the Executive; while, on the other hand, their alliance would have proved a serious obstacle to the measures which were afterwards carried out, notwithstanding their resistance. It is too much to tax Cassius with excessive suspicion of his enemy, after the dogs of war have been successfully let loose by Mark Antony.

The relative rights of the combatants are not to be determined by the pedantic definitions of M. Marrast's paltry constitution. M. de Cassagnac, who founds a divine right for his hero on the votes of the people, might have remembered that the same constituents returned the Assembly with a mere eoterie of Bonapartists. It was clear that the uncorrupted peasantry had not learned to know their own minds; but a representative body, however unsteady and factious, has higher claims to respect than the best of despots. A sovereign Parliament necessarily involves freedom of speech, diversity of opinion, respect for the rights of members and of their constituents—in short, freedom, security for final progress, and national self-respect. The government of one is simpler and more rapid; but in all ages and countries it has produced or preceded political stagnation, corruption, and decay. The intellect of France has not forgotten the blow which struck to the ground the peaceful conquests of forty years. The triumph of the gross multitude over refinement and independence is the most common basis of despotism.

The progress of Louis Napoleon, or, as his eulogist grandiloquently calls him, 'the Elect of December,' towards the accomplishment of his purposes, is skilfully and spiritedly described. The difficulties encountered by his first Ministry, including the leaders of the Assembly, furnished the President with an excuse for governing in future through more docile instruments. The constitution had erroneously made the chief of the Executive responsible; and he adroitly inferred that an accountable ruler must be uncontrolled in the choice of his agents. After the great Bonapartist manifestation of December, 1848, it was evident that the provision which prevented his re-election must be rescinded by legal or illegal methods. Many of the leaders of the party of order, including Thiers and Changarnier, were willing to co-operate in measures for getting rid of restriction obviously inconvenient. The President declined their overtures, watched their embarrassments with satisfaction, and sedulously cultivated the favour of the army.

M. de Cassagnac seems to think that the constitutional statesmen of France were inconsistent in censuring Louis Napoleon for securing, by his own methods, an object which they were disposed to promote on their own terms, and with the sanction of the Assembly. The difference is that of absolutism and of freedom; and the conciliatory disposition of the Parliamentary party destroys an excuse which might have been offered for the violent overthrow of the Republic. Louis Napoleon might have satisfied an honourable ambition by legitimate means, but he preferred the reputation which he has earned as the most successful conspirator in history. There was a simpler course than the exercise of influence and reason in the Assembly. "Faire un appel au patriotisme de l'armée; lui donner en garde pendant quelques jours la paix publique et les lois, jusqu'à ce que la nation tout entière, réunie dans ses comices, eût librement prononcé sur ses institutions, c'était, de tous les partis, le plus simple et le plus radical. Les dispositions unanimes de l'armée le rendaient le plus facile."

Yes, an appeal to the patriotism of the army was simple and radical. It had been tried before, in many countries and in all ages—by Syria, by Julius Caesar, by Augustus, by the first Napoleon. The cause of order, says M. de Cassagnac, was deposited

in the hands of the army—"aux mains si nobles et si pures de l'armée; et les soldats, enfants du pays seraient chargés, non de faire un gouvernement, mais de maintenir à la nation le droit et faculté d'en faire un, où ne prévalut ni la ruse, ni la surprise, ni la violence." But how if the nation had returned a different answer from that which was desired by the chief of the army? It is childish to affect a belief that the power which was seized in December would have been restored, to the Assembly in January. The existing system has hence received all the sanction which it could obtain from the votes of the ignorant peasant population; but it ultimately depends on the power by which it was first established. From the pure and noble army which overthrew the Republic to a praetorian government the descent may be easy and rapid.

The merits of the Imperial fabric, and the rights derived from universal suffrage, are scarcely fit subjects for discussion. From the date of December, 1851, M. de Cassagnac passes from the sober tone of history to the dithyrambic enthusiasm of a courtier for the powers which are established. He proves to his own professed satisfaction that the Consular Constitution of the year VIII is the perfection of modern civilization. A Legislature which wastes no time in talking, an Executive which has no occasion to talk, a centralized administration, and an acquiescent people, furnish the material for several pages of conventional eulogy. If an intelligent agent of the Empire can persuade himself to believe in the system to which he belongs, he may perhaps be more easy in conscience, at the cost of many honest sympathies, and of all noble aspirations. The intellect, however, is sometimes less passive than the uncorrupted peasantry of France. The official zeal of the Imperialists has a strained and artificial appearance, and their loudest peans in honour of successful ambition not unfrequently sink into the plaintive tones of apologetic sophistry.

INDUSTRIAL OCCUPATIONS OF WOMEN.*

IT is a very deterring feature in all works, pamphlets, and speeches about women, that they are all cast on the same model. There is such an everlasting outpouring about woman's mission and woman's work, and about the comparative powers of the sexes, and the tyranny of society, and so on—which is more or less true, but which we know by heart, and from which we gain absolutely nothing when once we have attained that state of mind in which we should gladly see women do anything whatever if they could but do it properly and make it answer. Let us take all the preamble for granted. Let us suppose women are as fit as their supporters say they are for every kind of money-making; let us suppose that their virtue, their modesty, their refinement are in no danger from contact with the world; let us suppose they are all as physically strong as Brighton bathing-women, and all as pertinaciously industrious as Miss Linwood or Miss Strickland. We will make no preliminary difficulties of any sort. What we want to be told, and we wish the friends of woman would tell us it distinctly and plainly, is this. What are the precise employments now closed to women which you wish opened to them? and on what grounds do you suppose that women could make money in them? We have lately met with two publications which profess to give an answer to these questions, and will therefore direct the attention of our readers to their contents.

We may observe that schemes for associating women in organized bodies for the better carrying out of works of charity, ought to be kept quite distinct from proposals to provide women with remunerative employments. There is a great deal to be said both for and against these plans for the co-operation of women in recognised institutions. We confess to an admiration for the commonplace unambitious kind of old maid, who is content to do good in her own neighbourhood, and among the few persons whom she really knows—who takes a lively interest in the welfare of her nephews and nieces—and who regales herself occasionally with tea and gossip. Such persons are not very imposing, but they are useful, and fit neatly into the framework of English family life. But if there are ladies, blighted or desponding, or naturally disinclined for marriage, who assure us that they find it much easier to be good when they live together, scour their own bedrooms, and call each other Sister Agatha and Mother Felicia, we do not see why their fancy should be balked. And so far as the economy and appliances of an institution really give means of instruction, and make the inmates better qualified to do their work than ladies residing in families can be, it is all clear gain to the community that the instruction should be given. Further, we may confidently venture to say, that the English Church affords many safeguards for the control of such institutions. The part which the laity take in its operations, the good sense which pervades it, and the constant influx of mundane associations derived from the marriage of the clergy, are sure to keep sisterhoods, in the long run, free from the puerilities and morbidity of fanaticism.

But whatever may be their advantages, these institutions are not intended to be remunerative, and we may therefore put them out of consideration when we approach the subject of trades and professions for women. We only mention this because, in

* *Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks.* London: Chapman and Hall. 1852.
Women and Work. By Barbara Leigh Smith. London: Bowditch and Harrison. 1857.

the works before us, we do not find the two subjects kept quite as distinct as they should be; and, in a matter of business, which the choice of a profession or trade unquestionably is, it is impossible to be too definite and precise. That women would like to have more money—that the sterner of the sex would like to enjoy what they earned apart from the control of their husbands—and that it is at present difficult for women to make much money, we will take for granted. What is to be done? It would be very unfair to say that the friends of women have nothing to suggest. They are rich in suggestions. There is Miss Barbara Smith, for instance, authoress of one of the publications before us, who has much to propose, and no hesitation in proposing it. Her proposal is simply this:—

Apprentice 10,000 to watchmakers; train 10,000 for teachers for the young; make 10,000 good accountants; put 10,000 more to be nurses under deaconesses trained by Florence Nightingale; put some thousands in the electric telegraph-offices over all the country; educate 1000 lecturers for mechanics' institutions; 1000 readers to read the best books to the working people; train up 10,000 to manage washing-machines, sewing-machines, &c. Then the distressed needlewomen would vanish; the decayed gentlewomen and broken-down governesses would no longer exist.

There is something positively touching in the buoyant simplicity of this—in its airy way of disposing of earthly evils—in its sublime indifference to means, and strong apprehension of ends. "Make 10,000 broken-down governesses good accountants," says Miss Barbara—we cannot bear to speak of so poetical a philosopher as Miss Smith—merely make them good accountants, and at least that number will be comfortable. She is a lady of large figures—she talks as financial reformers talk, who never mention a less sum than a million. She makes a present of 10,000 young women to the watch trade. We wish she would get one of the 10,000 good accountants to calculate what each of the 10,000 watchmakeresses would be likely to get per week. We should like to be shown in black and white that she would have the remotest chance of getting ten shillings a week. Now is this what the broken-down governesses sigh for? Miss Barbara prints a letter from a "white slave," who is very indignant that she was offered, as governess, 10*l.* a year in addition to board and lodging. This is little for a governess, but would be a great deal for a watchmaker's female apprentice when the trade was invaded with an inundation of 10,000 young ladies. So, too, we have doubts as to the future of the 10,000 who are to be "trained up" to manage washing-machines. We should like Miss Barbara to ask herself why laundresses do not use washing-machines. She will find it is either because they do not think the machines answer, or because they cannot afford to buy them. How will training up 10,000 to manage these machines get over these difficulties? Miss Barbara fills us with despair. It is not only that we do not see our way to disposing of thousands and tens of thousands as she suggests; but if this is at all a typical pamphlet—a fair sample of what a lady, who boasts to have made the subject her own, is likely to publish—we are afraid that the sex is really not so far developed as we had hoped. As a piece of "pretty Fanny's" talk it would be charming; but we should be sorry to trust "pretty Fanny" with any business more important and intricate than the payment of a milk-bill.

The author or authoress of the *Industrial and Social Position of Women* really tries to meet the question fairly. He (for we may at least humour the writer's wish to be thought a man) knows that the real difficulty lies in providing lucrative employment for women of some education and refinement, and accustomed to enjoy some of the comforts of life. He boldly states the professions for which he thinks women fitted. First, there is the educational, which we may dismiss at once, for that is by all accounts the very profession which, being already open to women, is overstocked. Secondly, he says, "Another profession to which women may with much propriety aspire is the clerical." There is nothing like stating a thing boldly—and propriety is a matter of taste. We are asked to look at the example of the religious sects in which women are already permitted to speak in public, and the writer tells us that he suspects that, where this is the case, the female character is made "all the more amiable, all the more feminine." We are assured that "the horror usually entertained of a woman speaking in public arises from the conception that in doing so she abruptly leaves her fireside muteness;" to which we may reply, that she seldom has any to leave, and that, if she had, the reason alleged does not exhaust our objections. At present, the writer feels that the public is scarcely ready to receive with rapture sermons from ladies; but he suggests that "if our female writers were to read a few of their essays to a public audience, before sending them to press, the mind of the public would be gradually prepared for the change." Now, if propriety is a matter of taste, so is going to hear "one of our female writers" read an essay; and we can unaffectedly declare that we would rather go to a dentist's. We are afraid the clerical line is closed to the ladies. We do not see where the congregations would come from. Men would scarcely like to be taught theology by women; and we have that opinion of the fair sex, that we feel sure they would not sit under each other.

The next proposition of the author is, perhaps, the strangest that a friend of woman ever devised. It beats Miss Barbara's 10,000 good accountants. It is that women should enter partnerships, but as sleeping, not as active, partners. The writer remarks that there are already ladies who are interested in the receipts of great mercantile houses, and that they find it very pleasant.

No doubt this is so; but that a share in a great concern should be treated as a prize which any one can have who likes, is amazing even in a book of high sentiment and aggressive benevolence. Fancy advising a daily governess out of place to go and enter as a sleeping partner the house of Messrs. Coutts or Messrs. Child. Even one of the 10,000 washing-machine workers would be able to tell this philosopher that sleeping partners must possess capital; and if women possess capital, he need not trouble himself about them. For occupations "characterised by fluctuation, competition, and pushing" he acknowledges that women are not well qualified; and we need not therefore pause to speak of this part of the subject.

We have no wish to ridicule or to speak slightly of any well-considered plan for employing women; but hasty enthusiasts, who write in a strain of indignation against the tyranny of society, and who have no one sensible suggestion to offer, only waste paper and injure their own cause. We only find one profession or employment among all those suggested which is now closed artificially against women, and of which they could avail themselves, if opened to them, with some slight chance of success. There is no reason why women should not become physicians, if they confined their practice to visiting members of their own sex and to the treatment of particular diseases. We do not venture to say that the experiment would be successful; but we do not see why it should not be tried.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.*

THE argument upon the authorship of *Pericles* stands exactly where it was left by Steevens and Malone. The play was originally printed in 1609, with Shakspeare's name on the title-page, as acted at his own theatre, the Globe. It was reprinted in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635, and was introduced into the third folio collection of Shakspeare's works in 1664. There were, therefore, two editions published in Shakspeare's life-time, with his name to them, and not disavowed by him. In any ordinary case this evidence would be considered satisfactory; but wherever Shakspeare is concerned we must have a little litigation, and the authorship of *Pericles* has accordingly undergone the usual ordeal. Against the published ascription of the play to Shakspeare in his own life-time is set the fact that *Pericles* was not included by Heminge and Condell in the folio of 1623, published seven years after Shakspeare's death. The omission might have been accidental. The fact, however, for whatever it is worth, has opened a door to that kind of controversy which commentators love; and we are referred from the external to the internal evidence for the solution of the problem. This is an illustration of the old proverb, out of the frying-pan into the fire. We are much worse off when we come to depend upon the opinions of critics than when we rely upon the testimony of facts, small though they be. Fortunately, in this case, the judgment of all the editors is in favour of Shakspeare's authorship of the play, with certain limitations. Some think that Shakspeare is undoubtedly to be recognised in the concluding scene—others are quite sure that he wrote the last three, but had nothing to do with the previous acts—while others, in addition to the last three, fancy they can trace him by glimpses in the first two. The sum of the investigation is, that the play of *Pericles* was for the most part, as it was held to be by Steevens and Malone, written by Shakspeare; but whether he shaped it as it has come down to us from some older play, or whether he was assisted in it by a contemporary, according to the custom of the day, is still an enigma.

The sources of a Shakspearian drama generally yield a rich field of exploration for our literary archeologists. But here, again, the labourers of the last half century have worked to no purpose. They have added literally nothing to the illustrations of Douce. In lack, however, of antecedent matter, they have supplied us with a supplement of an entirely novel kind. If they have not given us a further insight into the story upon which the play was founded, they have favoured us with a reprint of a story which was founded upon the play. We are at a loss to perceive the value of this contribution to what Mr. Collier calls "Shakspeare's Library;" but as it is brought out with much "pomp and circumstance," and loaded with recondite prefaces and introductions, some notice of it will be expected at our hands.

The tract is entitled *The Painful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre: being the History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet, John Gower;* and the reprint before us has just been published at Oldenburg by Professor Mommsen, who gives us an account of the way in which the original came into his possession, adding some learned remarks on the story of *Apollonius Tyrius*, from which both tract and play are derived. The title-page bears the date of 1608; and, as the play was first acted in 1607 or 1608, the novel must have been written while the piece was running at the Globe, if, as Mr. Collier thinks, it was based on "notes of the drama," taken down "from the mouths of the actors." The existence of this tract has long been known in England; but the only copy extant of it, now in the hands of Mr. Halliwell,

* *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* A Novel, by George Wilkins, printed in 1608, and founded on Shakspeare's Play. Edited by Professor Tycho Mommsen. With a Preface by the Editor, and an Introduction by John Payne Collier, Esq. Oldenburg: Gerhard Stalling.

is deficient in the dedication, which reveals the name of the author. It is in this dedication that the special interest of Professor Mommsen's copy consists. It lets us know, for the first time, that the novel was composed by George Wilkins, the author of a play called the *Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, which may be seen in Dodsley's Collection. An inscription on the fly-leaf of the volume in which the copy was discovered, bound up with eight other English plays and tracts, informs us that it belonged to one Johann Rudolph Hesæ, who is supposed to have died about the middle of the seventeenth century. What befel the volume between that time and the nineteenth century, when it became the property of Martin Usteri, a Swiss poet, does not appear. At the sale of Usteri's effects a few years ago, the volume was purchased for six shillings, by Dr. Horner, the chief librarian of the Stadtbibliothek at Zurich. Professor Mommsen received it from Dr. Horner. These details are scanty, but there is no doubt about the authenticity of the tract.

The question naturally arises, what light does this novel throw upon the play of Shakespeare? The answer is, none whatever. When we discover a novel or a ballad upon which Shakespeare founded a drama, the value of the discovery can scarcely be exaggerated. It enables us to see, as it were, the genius of the poet at work upon the raw material. But a novel or a ballad founded upon a drama is nothing more than an experiment in the art of travestie. If it derives any interest from the skill with which it is executed, it is an interest independent of its original, in relation to which it has no claim to consideration at all, except as an evidence of the popularity of the subject. A play which it would answer a bookseller's purpose to convert into a prose narrative, may be presumed to have taken a strong hold on the public mind.

Mr. Collier, indeed, endeavours to show that the novel "not unfrequently supplies portions of the play which have not come down to us in any of the printed copies," and that, therefore, it is an important adjunct to the text. A single example will illustrate his mode of dealing with this species of conjectural collation. In the play Pericles says—

I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
To spile her out; And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

In the novel this speech is expanded as follows:—

That were it any in his court, except himself, durst call him traitor, even in his bosom he would write the lie, affirming that he came into his court in search of honour, and not to be a rebel to his state. His blood was yet untainted but with the heat got by the wrong the King had offered him, and that he boldly durst and did defy himself, his subjects, and the proudest danger that either tyranny or treason could inflict upon him.

The last sentence is not in the play; but Mr. Collier observes that, "omitting only a few unimportant particles, it will be seen in an instant how easily it may be put into blank verse." Here is the passage reproduced in metre:—

His blood was yet untainted, but with heat
Got by the wrong the King had offered him;
And that he boldly durst and did defy him,
His subjects, and the proudest danger that
Or tyranny or treason could inflict.

The facility with which Wilkins's stiff prose can thus be turned into stiffer verse is at once assumed by Mr. Collier as a proof that the passage was originally in the play. "Would the above have run so readily into blank verse," he asks, "if it had not, in fact, been so originally written, and recited by the actors when *Pericles* was first performed?" We think it might. Suppose we submit Mr. Collier himself to the same process, ex gr.:—

Would the above have run so readily into blank verse?
Into blank verse, and it not been, in fact,
Originally written so?—

We need not point out the raciness of the flow in the latter case, nor insist upon the superiority of Mr. Collier's own verse to that which he imagines he discovers in Wilkins. He has certainly produced better verse by accident than he has succeeded in producing by design. There may be as little sense in the one as there is poetry in either; but the maladroit felicity of the commentator's muse is not the less remarkable on that account.

A strict examination will satisfy the judicious critic that it would be extremely dangerous to adopt Mr. Collier's theory, and attempt to patch up the play by passages interpolated and turned into metre from the narrative. The text of Shakespeare has already been too much tampered with, and we really must enter our protest against this new way of speculating upon imaginary gaps and deficiencies. It is clear enough that Wilkins had seen the play of *Pericles* acted, because in his title-page he speaks of the performance "as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"—alluding to the function of chorus assigned in the drama to Gower, whose relation of the story in the *Confessio Amantis* was one of the sources, if not the principal, drawn upon by Shakespeare. But it is equally clear that Wilkins made use of the play only here and there as it served his purpose, and that his narrative, which embraces many details not to be found in the play, was built upon a much wider basis. Professor Mommsen is distinctly of this opinion. "In fact," he observes, "the whole seems to have been worked up both from Shakespeare's play and the novel of *Apollonius Tyrius*, as it was translated by Laurence Twine, which, together

with Gower's version from *Geoffridus Viterbiensis*, is known to have been the source of Shakespeare's *Quare the Fairies*. Our careful comparison will appear that the coincidences between Twine and Wilkins are too numerous and too literal to be ascribed to mere chance. The very title and heading of the novel was taken from Twine, and the coincidences between Gower and Wilkins are no less remarkable. They are by no means confined to mere verbal resemblances, but are even more striking with reference to the sequence and treatment of incidents. The attempt to amend the text of Shakespeare by reference to the novel, thus obviously constructed from different forms of the same story, and treated throughout with enough of freedom and fancy to give the whole an air of originality, is one of those errors of judgment for which, we believe, no parallel can be found outside the bewildering circle of Shakespearean criticism.

INDIGENOUS RACES.

Second Notice.

MAURY is one of the comparatively few philologists who do not trace all languages to a common stock. His chapter, therefore, on the classification of tongues has the especial interest of unfolding the reasons which have induced him to take up ground which has commonly been held only by the students of physical science. Starting from an explanation of the phonetic and mythological origins of speech, he proceeds to examine the different types of the Aryan, Mongolian, and African languages. In the first, we get an irregularly prolific growth of nouns, and verbs, and particles, that start into life by decomposition, or what seems independent birth, to express the new wants and feelings of progressive centuries. Among the Mongolic tribes, a simple and meagre grammatical apparatus admits of adaptation and extension to the imperfect, and therefore flexible, ideas which the people from time to time impart. And thus the same radical, as in the verb *to love*, may appear in rather more than thirty different meanings by the agglutination of modifying particles, which ramify into such forms as *not to be made to love one another*. On the other hand, in the lowest African tongues, which have much of this mechanical facility, there is further an extreme paucity of words, which are therefore employed with vague and manifold meanings. Now, although the frontier dialects of these classes repeatedly cross one another, yet the central types appear to be clearly distinguishable, and to have been so from all time. The higher languages may have passed through the lower stage, just as there is a period in fetal life when the human brain has the imperfect development of the monkey's. But there is no historical instance of a Mongolian grammar that has developed into Iranian forms—just as an instance of transition from the type of the monkey to that of the man is unknown. Moreover, hybrid formations between altogether dissimilar families do not exist. Basque is scarcely affected by the influences of France and Spain; and the long dominion of the Turks has left no permanent traces in New Greece. The laws of race, therefore, appear to reproduce themselves in the families of speech. And the same progress from the rigidity of inorganic forms to the plastic organism of life, which characterizes the epochs of geology, appears in the gradual ascent from the lower to the higher structures of grammar. But all inferences must be absolutely imperfect until the radicals of all existing vocabularies have been carefully compared. Yet even if they should be found to agree, it cannot be said that conclusive proof of a physical unity would exist. A portion might certainly be explained by a similarity in the common sounds to which they owed their origin—the fabial prattlings of childhood and the guttural ejaculations of grief would sufficiently account for a few. And, above all, there is the great problem whether primitive expressions of thought may not be the result of a common structure in the organs of speech, as varieties of the same species among birds have the same notes in different climates. This view has been supported by the high authority of M. Agassiz.

Mr. Gliddon deserves some credit for honesty in publishing M. Pulsky's prefatory letter on art. It is an attack on the representations of Greek art which were given in *Types of Mankind*. "You published, on the whole, five busts belonging strictly to the times and nations of classical antiquity; but there is scarcely one among them on which sound criticism could bestow an unconditional approval." The features of Lycurgus, it would seem, were given only from a conjecture of Visconti's; and the likeness which he made historical, and to which he affixed a name, on somewhat imperfect data, can scarcely have been more than ideal, "created on national traditions by artistic imagination." So, too, the effigy of Eratosthenes is "altogether a modern fancy portrait, which originated solely from the desire of Chevalier Bunsen to express his veneration for the Sage of Cyrene." Alexander, Hannibal, and Juba are disposed of in similar fashion. These mistakes, however, it may be observed, although unlucky in a book of some pretensions, do not really affect the question involved, if the portraits answer the purpose for which they were given, of representing the Greek type. An ideal statue of Lycurgus would probably be derived from some Spartan or

* *Indigenous Races of the Earth; or, New Chapters of Ethnological Enquiry.* Edited by J. C. Nott, M.D., and Geo. R. Gliddon. London: Trübner and Co.

Athenian model, and might perhaps be all the more typical for its want of individual character. The blunder, therefore, is not of such importance as that preserved in Gall's inscription on a skull which was thought to belong to Raphael, and which the *savant* accordingly labelled as indicative of amativeness, great ideality, and intense artistic powers.

The chapter which follows has for its object to show that art is not so much "the result of either high mental culture or political power" as the characteristic of peculiar races, which, in their different gradations, either imitate the world about them, or create, by beautifying touches, another, its more glorious counterpart. With respect to the general distinction of artistic and unartistic races, there can be little doubt that M. Pulsky proves his point. The rigour with which Jewish and Arab religions have enforced the proscription of all painting and sculpture, would certainly seem to show that those portions of art at least which express the human form were never congenial to the Semitic mind. Indeed, their wonderful capacity for abstract thought—to which we owe the first phonetic alphabet, the beginning of half a dozen sciences, and algebra—no doubt played its part in inducing the stern Monotheists to reject all sensuous representations from their temples and homes. On the other hand, the exquisite outlines of all Greek and Roman remains, and those historical associations of art with Italy which seem still to consecrate its decadence, sufficiently account for the tenacity with which the local faiths have clung to their appropriate symbolism, in spite of Iconoclastic emperors, or reprobating Councils, or the thunder of Cis-montane reform. But the question why a national type—the features of Greek monarchs or heroes, for instance—may seem to vary with different generations, is not, we think, to be accounted for only by the intermixture of barbarian blood. Something must be allowed for the decline of artistic excellence. M. Pulsky's own examples show us some archaic forms so clumsy and coarse that they can scarcely be recognised as Hellenic; and the imperfections of decline are as natural as those of immaturity. Again, though a national type is permanent, it assuredly fluctuates within certain limits. The half-century to which we owe the pictures of Shakespeare, Raleigh, and Charles I. has an individuality of its own, distinct from that which we seem to trace in Gibbon, Washington, and George IV. And, as art is, of course, affected by the civilization of the period at which it flourishes, we can only understand it by looking upon it as part of the general progress of the mind. The rigid angular forms of the mediæval painters belong to a time when society had the even symmetry of an artificial system—when a garden was the only form in which the country was admired, and when the circles of the invisible world stood hewn in geometrical precision before the vision of Dante. On the other hand, the vigorous muscular life which confronts us in the paintings of Da Vinci and Michael Angelo is characteristic of the Renaissance, when men were beginning to think and act for themselves, and to feel, as one of them said, that it was a pleasure to live. Now, it is in the separation of these circumstances of general growth from the permanent and undying type of specific national character that the true value of such labours as those which M. Pulsky attempts will consist. It is unfortunate that his present chapter does not exhibit the smallest consciousness that time and cultivation are elements of human nature as distinctly as the germ of its innate capacities. Nevertheless, we are glad to take what he has given us. Simply for the evidence they furnish of the beautiful immobility which may sleep, as it were, in features of the Sphinxlike type, some of his Egyptian illustrations are well worthy to be consulted.

Mr. Gliddon's article on the controversy between "the Monogenists and the Polygenists" will only be interesting to the few who can detect real knowledge and sound scientific principles in the mass of irrelevant arguments with which the author has filled two hundred pages. He divides his discussion "into three categories—viz., A, Unity as a theological dogma; B, Unity as a zoological fact; and C, Unity as a moral or metaphysical doctrine." It is interesting to know how such thinkers as Humboldt, Müller, Knox, Bunsen, and Blanchard have arrived at very different conclusions about the derivation of all human families from a common stock. But Mr. Gliddon writes intemperately, and has done injustice to his own cause, which is strong in argument, but at present weak in authority; for the mere fact that Humboldt and Bunsen hold their faith on very different grounds from that of the New England divines, in no sense weakens the position of rational "Monogenists." Until the influence of the old French Encyclopædistes has died away, we shall probably never get rid of the doctrine of climatic changes in bodily form and character. But those who hold that, under some circumstances, the Ethiopian can change his skin, or the Anglo-Saxon become a Papuan, will probably soon discover, as years take them away from the past, that they are logical descendants of the school which assigned the pineal gland as the seat of the soul, and believed the religious sentiment to have its place somewhere in the district of the small intestines.

Nevertheless Mr. Gliddon has done good service to science by the labours he has performed no less than by those he has stimulated. And the simple facts that such works as this and his last can find a ready market, and that a second decade of *Crania Britannica* has fulfilled in our own country the promise of the first, induce us to hope that ethnology will before long take its place among the most accredited sciences.

NIGHTSHADE.*

LET no man fear that the schoolmaster is abroad too much. The most timid Conservative of the very oldest school must be well satisfied with the progress of national education towards what, we presume, is considered its practical object—the enlightenment of the public mind. Are there not still witches and witchfinders in our rural districts? Did not many of us believe that on the 13th of June, the world would be sent crashing against the sun by a blow of the comet's tail? Is not Moore's *Almanac* sold still? And now we find a book written by a gentleman who puts M.A. after his name, for the purpose of frightening us all out of the few wits we have left, about the Jesuits! There is no mistake about it. It contains some four hundred pages—it is bound in funereal black and white to impress the minds of the thoughtless and incredulous with awe and terror even by its outside—and it rejoices in the deadly name of *Nightshade*, in which poisonous appellation is dimly shadowed forth the dangerous and deleterious character of the "Order of Jesus." Our readers may study in its pages the most fearful histories of the cruelty, the audacity, and the power of these Jesuits—not in former days, it is remarked, when indeed they were powerful for good and evil, but now, at this very moment, in this year of grace 1857! We dread the effects of its perusal on the minds of elderly ladies of strong Protestant principles. Henceforth they will suspect the hard-working parish curate, the family apothecary, the respectable grocer in the next street, and their little nieces' half-starved Italian music-master, of being merely disguised emissaries of the Pope. They will see a Jesuit in every family, and will utterly abjure the acquaintance of all individuals with "pale faces and dark hair"—these being, according to Mr. Johnston, the unfailing personal characteristics of gentlemen of this persuasion.

For the benefit of those of our readers whose time and nerves are unequal to the study of these thrilling pages, we proceed to give a slight sketch of their contents. Emily and Anna are twin sisters, lovely, innocent, fifteen years of age, heiresses, and orphans. Their father died some months before the story begins, and now their mother has just followed him to the grave. The scene opens by describing them at sunrise, asleep in bed, and dreaming of heaven, which is called "the flowery sun land." In the course of a few days there arrives at the park a gentleman with "marble features" and "raven hair," who says that he is their father's half-brother, Aubrey De Vere. He proceeds to take possession of the house and papers, and informs them he is their guardian. They seem to be credulous and friendless, for they do not doubt a word the stranger says, though they conceive a strong instinctive dislike to him.

We are tempted to inquire why the family solicitor or the parish clergyman is not present, and to doubt whether raven-haired gentlemen are usually allowed to take quiet possession of heiresses and their property without proving that they have some right to do so. But to proceed. Mr. Aubrey De Vere soon proposes a trip to Scotland, to see another aunt and uncle, the lady being a sister of their mother, married to a Presbyterian minister. On their way thither they remain a few days at the English lakes. At Ambleside we meet the hero, Mr. Charles Annandale, an Oxford student, "untainted," however, "with Tractarianism." He is always "thinking of England's great deeds and great men, and wondering whether her great deeds were to be all of the brown page of the ancient annals, and her great men all of the immortal and unforgettable past." The effect on his reflective mind of the first sight of Windermere is "to make him feel, rushing through him with delicious gush, a wavy sense of the poetry of life." In this peculiar state of the intellectual faculties he goes to see the cataract of Lodore, and has the good fortune then and there to save Miss Anna from a watery death, she having accidentally slipped into the stream while her uncle was talking to a friend.

The Scottish manse is of course described very fully and favourably; and as the young ladies are left alone there by their uncle for a fortnight, they have ample opportunities for studying the details of domestic management under the care of Mr. and Mrs. M'Intosh. Moreover, Mr. Annandale comes there too, and from his conversation with the minister we learn the following startling facts:—

"My opinion is," he said, "that the men who thus seek to lead the students of Oxford from the pure principles of the Reformation, are not, and never were, Protestants at all."

"And what, then?" asked Annandale.

"They are Jesuits—Jesuits in disguise; men who, to subserve the interests of the Church of Rome, would lie, forge, commit perjury, anything, in short, that their order required them to do."

"Do you really believe that the Jesuits are guilty of these things?"

"I know it, my dear young friend; I know it. I could tell you things about that order that would make you doubt whether Jesuits are men or demons."

"But they have not the power, now, to do much harm."

"Their greatest source of power consists in the manner in which they insinuate themselves into every place, and assume every garb, from the rough frieze of the Irish peasant, to the embroidered dress of the attendant at the levees of the Queen. They penetrate every place, profess all varieties of politics, adopt every shade of religious opinion, in order to pervert all politics and all religion to the abominable end of bringing about the destruction of free thought, the annihilation of free action, and the complete subjugation of the world to Rome, as represented by their order."

* *Nightshade*. By William Johnston, M.A. London: R. Bentley. 1857.

We are certainly astonished to hear that the Queen's footmen are Jesuits, and we rather think that they would be no less startled by the assertion themselves; but of course Mr. Johnston knows best. On the return of Aubrey de Vere to Scotland, he carries off one sister to Paris to be educated, leaving the other under the guardianship of Mr. and Mrs. M'Intosh. Why he only takes one is very mysterious, and apparently shows that even gentlemen with "raven hair" have some conscience. He of course places Miss Emily in a convent, where she suffers terribly. Every means of intimidation are used to convert her. As a specimen of her life there, take the following:—

She came back, looking shy and pale, and wondering why the sisters were so happy and joyous, when Sister Mary was so much offended, once, that time Emily mentioned home.

Yet Sister Mary came forward now, smiling, and Emily half smiled up in her face; and then Sister Mary turned round and smiled at the rest, and they all smiled together. It was such a change, all that smiling, to-day, that Emily wondered and wondered, yet never suspected that they were not joyful with her, not at all, poor child!

"I am going home now, Sister Mary," she said.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Sister Mary, gaily.

"Hush! Sister Mary, I am ashamed of you," said another sister, with mock solemnity.

"Are n't you glad I am, Sister Mary?" asked Emily, timidly.

"Oh! certainly! ha! ha! ha!"

"Why do you laugh so?" asked Emily.

"I am so glad! ha! ha! ha!"

"Glad I am going?"

"Glad you are? ha! ha! ha!"

"Sister Mary, be done!" said Sister Rosa; "you are laughing like an idiot."

"Oh! I am glad; yes I am; ha! ha! ha!" said Sister Mary, catching a glimpse of Emily's wondering eyes as they were fixed upon her face, and then turned to the surrounding sisters to ask the explanation of all this merriment on the part of Sister Mary.

"St. Denis, if here isn't the mother!" whispered one of the sisters, and they all ran away, as the door of a room slowly opened, and the Mother Abbess came out into the lobby.

They all ran away but Emily, and she stood still, in innocent wonder, thinking, if she was going home now, it was not so very great a sin of all the nuns coming round her, and enjoying the thought that she would get back soon to those she loved, and to those she so longed for. She stood still, and the Mother Abbess came up to her.

The lady had heard the laughing, when she was in her room, and she did not like it, for she thought laughing was one of the mortal sins; a sin, in fact, that was, if anything, worse than mortal. She dreamt of heaven sometimes, and whenever she did she thought they were lashing each other, groaning piteously and weeping there always; that, she thought, would be a truly happy land. One child she saw in her dream turned out of heaven altogether, because there came a whisper of something to its ear as it lay on its little bed, going out of life in a peaceful slumber; and because, when it heard the whisper, it smiled and died. It made no difference whether the laughing was happy laughing or whether it was the mocking laughter of the devil, at deceived innocence; it was laughter, that was enough, for to laugh was to sin.

The Mother Abbess had heard the laughing, and she came up and saw no one standing there but Emily. The Abbess had her rosary and her crucifix hanging by her side, and something that seemed a pair of scissors. They were all fastened together and hung by a black-silk ribbon, and were easily loosened when she wanted to say an "Ave." She loosened them now, as she came up to Emily; and Emily stood still. She took up the black ribbon quickly. "Holy woman! she is going to pray," would have said the romantic admirers of the sanctity of conventional retirement.

"How dare you?" she said, as she came up to our little Emily, and stamped her foot angrily on the floor; "how dare you?" she repeated, and Emily's face tingled with the pain of a blow from her hand; "how dare you?" again she asked, and raising the beads and the crucifix, struck Emily twice over the head. The beads and the crucifix did not do much harm, and the scissors only stuck in her cheek.

Meantime we accompany Mr. Annandale to Ireland, where he has an estate. He arrives there to find his agent lying in a pool of blood at his own door. He has been shot by Jesuit emissaries. In relating this affair, it is a pity Mr. Johnston has allowed his zeal for truth and the Protestant cause to carry him into reflections which approach too near blasphemy for us to reprint them. We allude to the remarks in page 48 on the subject of the priest's absolution. After this, we have a warm defence of Orangemen, and various curious pieces of information respecting Papists which are quite new to us. For instance, do our readers know that every Roman Catholic is sincerely attached to the hair of St. Peter?

In course of time, Mr. Aubrey De Vere is discovered to be no uncle at all, but a Jesuit priest who has been sent from Rome to personate a dead man, convert the heiresses, and seize on their money "for the good of the church." He is unmasked by Mr. Annandale, assisted by a respectable but decidedly muddle-headed solicitor of the name of Connell, and a good but tiresome old clergyman. The narrative here assumes a tone of gentle simplicity befitting the unworldliness and guilelessness of the people concerned, and destined, no doubt, to impress us with this notion of them. To the profane, indeed, the style might appear to degenerate into what is commonly called twaddle, but this book was not written for them, and perhaps some people may think the following quotation admirable:—

"Well, sir, they might have waited till the morning."

Whether Betsy was disturbed in a slumber, as she sat nodding in her chair over the kitchen fire, or whether she was very much concerned at the idea of a probable sick-call taking her master away at that hour of the night—for he never sent a message to say he was busy then, and could not come just at that time—it is as certain as anything can be that Betsy was not in the best humour imaginable when she at length stood in the hall. Perhaps, if she had been, she might have recollect that people could not stay as long as they pleased in, and could not help going when they did not please, out of this world, in which it was Betsy's lot to pass a pretty comfortable time, especially in the evenings, when the steam found its way out of the spout of the tin teapot, as it sat by the side of the red fire in the kitchen, preparatory to being

placed on the well-cleaned deal table where Betsy, for herself, was preparing the tea. But as Betsy was not in a very good humour to-night, she disburdened herself of that sad charge against humanity, that they need not have been in such a hurry getting out of this world, which, be sure, they would not if they could have helped it.

The account of the trial in which the Jesuit is convicted is very good in its way, and is chiefly remarkable for its extreme unlikeness to anything of the kind which has ever taken place in England. In fact, unless some radical changes were introduced into our criminal procedure as to the law of evidence and other points, one might almost say that it is unlike anything which ever could take place on such an occasion. Our space will not admit of our giving a very full description of this thrilling work. There are some pictures of Oxford life in which the domestic and the melodramatic are judiciously blended. There is a love affair between a young lord and a young lady, of deep interest. We also have a terrible story of a young Oxford gentleman who turns Papist secretly, and nevertheless acts as an English clergyman for some time afterwards. But this proceeding we learn from Mr. Johnston is a common one among high churchmen, and he gives various other instances of it, equally terrible and equally veracious. There is one especially, where the incumbent of a London parish assists our old friend De Vere in running off with the other heiress after he is found out, and shuts her up, with several more of "England's celestial roses"—in other words, young ladies—in a Popish convent in the suburbs. She is delivered from this sad position by a body of her tenantry, who come up by railway, under the command of Lord Oxborough and the valiant attorney, Connell. How these gentlemen came to be ignorant of that admirable institution, the police force, it is not for us to say. There is also an account of an artist whose delight it was to portray "formless visions," and naturally found they did not sell. Immediately following this, we must notice the "cold and clammy" wail of a dying nun as a very remarkable piece of writing. It is composed of rows of negatives at regular distances, interspersed with certain passionate observations thus:—

"No! no! no! no! no!"
came rising up in all the keys of agony, till the power of that agonized wail might have waked the bright battalions of the sky.

"No! no! no! no! no!"

Was it a greater wrong than all the rest that was being done, as that sound of sorrow came piercing through the thick dark night?

"No! no! no! no! no!"

Was the child of sorrow and of sin putting in her last plea for mercy, in that wild wail of midnight madness that came, cold and clammy, on the night?

"No! no! no! no! no!"

Was it a death voice issuing from the tomb that was closing on a warm and breathing form, beating heart and panting breast?

"No! no! no! no! no!"

Was the accusing spirit floating away into the ocean of ether, and was that wild scream to float on, wave after wave, for ever?

"No! no! no! no! no!"

Was that pale wan creature uttering her last protest to a weary earth, that there was, after all, an Eternal Ear that could listen to the wail even of her; and an Eye that could see deep down into the dungeon, and into the deeper hell that was for them in more than dreams?

HE KNOWS.

Another episode, which struck us very much, is the description of a political dinner, in which the leading statesmen of the day, with the most engaging openness and *naïveté*, state their different views across the table to a young member, with whose father they are dining, in order to gain his valuable support. This is really a bold and original conception.

Of course, as our readers will guess, the tale ends with the marriage of Mr. Annandale and Miss Anna, while poor Miss Emily dies of her conventional sufferings, a martyr to the Protestant cause. Let us drop a tear over her sad fate, and, if we can, suppress a yawn at the conclusion of our perusal of the narrative which details it. We can only express a sincere hope that no other M.A. in the country could be found to put his name to such a production as *Nighthshade*—else we should be inclined to think that the Universities are much in need of reform.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—To accommodate the crowds attending this Museum in the evenings, the Museum will be open Three Evenings a Week till further notice. The Admission will be free on Monday and Tuesday Evenings, and by payment of Sixpence on Wednesday Evenings. The Hours are from 7 till 10.

By Order of the Committee of Council on Education.

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS.—This subject being under the consideration of a Select Committee of the House of Commons, the Manufacturers and Contractors who, feeling a deep interest in the inquiry, have associated themselves for the purpose of watching the proceedings, are desirous of obtaining information from those best acquainted with the working of the present system. It has been stated that favouritism is exercised; that the conditions of a Contract are arbitrary, and sometimes tyrannically enforced, whilst, at other times, they are evaded with impunity; that the inspection is sometimes made by ignorant or unqualified Examiners, and sometimes by venal Officers acting under improper influences, and from whose decision there is no appeal. It is desirable that these imputations upon Officials, if true, should be established by evidence before the Committee now sitting. It is also desirable that information be supplied as to the sale of Stores, &c., in the several Departments, whether by Auction, or by private Contract, with the original price of the Article, what it produced on Sale, and at what cost it could be replaced to the Government. Those possessing information upon these points, are respectfully invited to communicate personally, or by letter, with JAMES ACLAND, 18, Cannon-street, City, June, 1857.

[July 18, 1857.]

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
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Price 5d. unstamped; or 6d. stamped.

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In consequence of numerous applications from persons desirous of completing their Sets of the "Saturday Review," all the early Numbers are now being reprinted; and in August the Publisher will be able to deliver single copies of each number from the commencement, at 6d. each copy, unstamped. He will also be prepared to supply entire volumes bound in cloth and lettered, as under:

Vol. I.	price 16s.
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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—FAREWELL PERFORMANCES AT REDUCED PRICES. To accommodate the families of Non-Subscribers, and to open the Opera to all who may desire to visit it before the final departure of the Company, the close of the Season will be followed by a short series of Extra Performances at reduced prices, in the course of which each of the favourite Operas of the Season will be once represented with the same Cast as during the Subscription; and Mozart's NOZZE DI FIGARO, and Rossini's CENERENTOLA will be presented for the first time this Year.

The Extra Season will commence on Monday, the 20th instant, and will be continued every Day in that and the following Week.

The following arrangements have been already settled:—

Tuesday, July 20th, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, Act of IL BALLO; Wednesday 21st, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO, last Act of LA FAVORITA; Thursday 22nd, IL TROVATORE; Tuesday, 23rd, LA CENERENTOLA, last Scene of I MARTIRI; Friday, 24th, LA TRAVIATA; Saturday, 25th, IL DON GIOVANNI.

The entertainments in the Ballet will combine the talents of Mad. ROSATI, Mad. KATRINE, Mad. BOSCHETTI, and Mad. MARIE TAGLIONI.

Prices:—Pit Tier, Grand Tier, and one Pair, 22 1/2s. 6d.; Two Pair, 21 11s. 6d.; Half Circle, 21 1s.; Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Gallery Boxes, 12s. 6d.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Gallery Side Stalls, 3s.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s.—Applications to be made at the Box-Office at the Theatre.—No Free List.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.—LAST WEEK BUT ONE.—GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.—GREAT COMBINED ATTRACTION.

In consequence of the great success of the combined entertainment of the Italian Opera and Madame Ristori's performance, an Extra Night will take place on MONDAY next, JULY 20th, on which occasion the following attraction will be given:—

The performance will commence with Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA. Mesdames BOSIO and TAGLIACICO; Signori GRAZIANI, TAGLIACICO, POLONINI, SOLDI, ZELGER, MEI, and MARCO.

After which (for the first time this season), Goldoni's Comedy entitled LA LONCANDIERA. Mirandolina, Madame RISTORI; Il Marchese, Signor BELLETTI-BON.

To conclude with a Divertissement, in which Madlles. PLUNKETT and DELECHAUX, and M. DESPLACE will appear.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR will be performed (for the first time this season) on Tuesday next, July 21. Lucia, Madle. VICTOIRE BALFE.

FRA DIAVOLO.—EXTRA NIGHT.

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		£ s. d.	£ s. d.	
1820	523 16 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0	
1825	382 14 0	103 14 0	1468 8 0	
1830	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0	
1835	185 3 0	88 17 0	1274 0 0	
1840	128 15 0	84 13 0	1113 8 0	
1845	65 15 0	79 18 0	1045 13 0	
1850	16 0 0	75 15 0	1035 15 0	
1855	—	16 0 0	1015 0 0	

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